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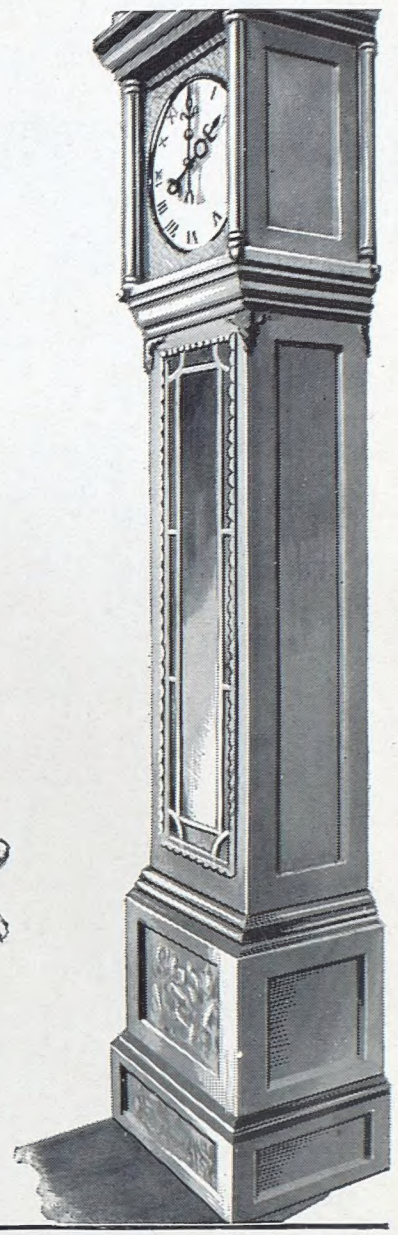

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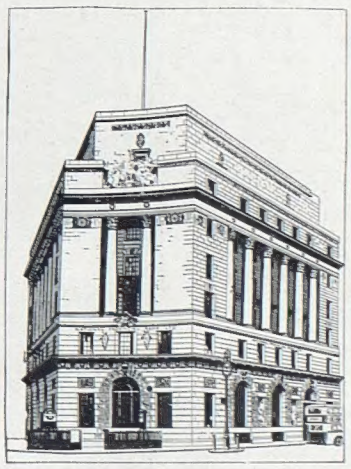

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Volume CCXVII No. 2825 The SPHERE, London, April 3, 1954

The SPHERE
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THIS YEAR'S EXCITING GRAND NATIONAL—TWO HORSES COME TO GRIEF AT THE FIRST FENCE AT AINTREE: Mr. C. Harty and Swinton Hero are down after taking the first obstacle, while, on the left, Mr. J. J. Straker is about to part company with his mare, Gentle Moya. This year there was not the customary rush for the first fence, but, nevertheless, four horses fell there. In one of the most exciting finishes for years, Royal Tan just held off Tudor Line to win by a neck.

The 1954 Grand National at Liverpool was won in a magnificent finish by Royal Tan, owned by Mr. J. H. Griffin, trained in Ireland by V. O'Brien and beautifully ridden by Bryan Marshall. He won by a neck from Mrs. E. Truelove's Tudor Line, ridden by G. Slack, with Lord Sefton's Irish Lizard ten lengths away third. It was a great triumph for Royal Tan's owner, trainer and jockey, for they repeated their victory with Early Mist in last year's race. Coming over the last fence, Royal Tan was only just ahead of Tudor Line, to whom he was giving a stone. Although Tudor Line jumped a little wide, he quickly made up ground, and it was only a great fighting finish by rider and horse that gave Royal Tan his narrow victory. The winner is a Tipperary horse, trained over that county's famous hunting country. It was appropriate that the winning rider should also have been born in Tipperary. The race was marred by an unusually large number of accidents which proved fatal. Four of the twenty-nine runners were killed, including the well-fancied Coneyburrow and Legal Joy. Only nine horses completed the course. (Further pictures on pages 6—7)

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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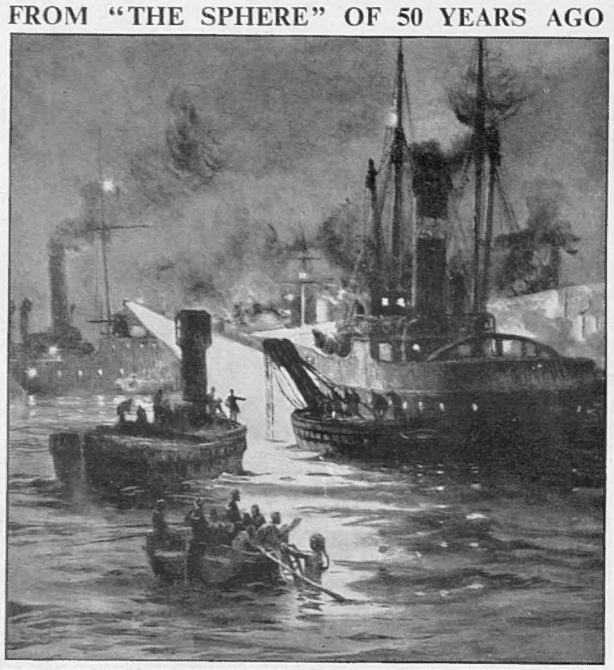
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



THE LOSS OF THE SUBMARINE A.1 WITH HER ENTIRE CREW: An artist's impression of the salvage party at work at the scene of the disaster off the Nab light. Soon after the submarine sank, the salvage vessel *Belos*, which had been lying just inside the harbour mouth, went to the spot, but efforts to raise the vessel failed. At night-time the scene was illuminated by the searchlights of naval vessels.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE HIMALAYA—1954

Hugh Merrick Describes the Background to this Year's Seven Major Expeditions; with Maps, and Special Drawings by Victor Coverley-Price

A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

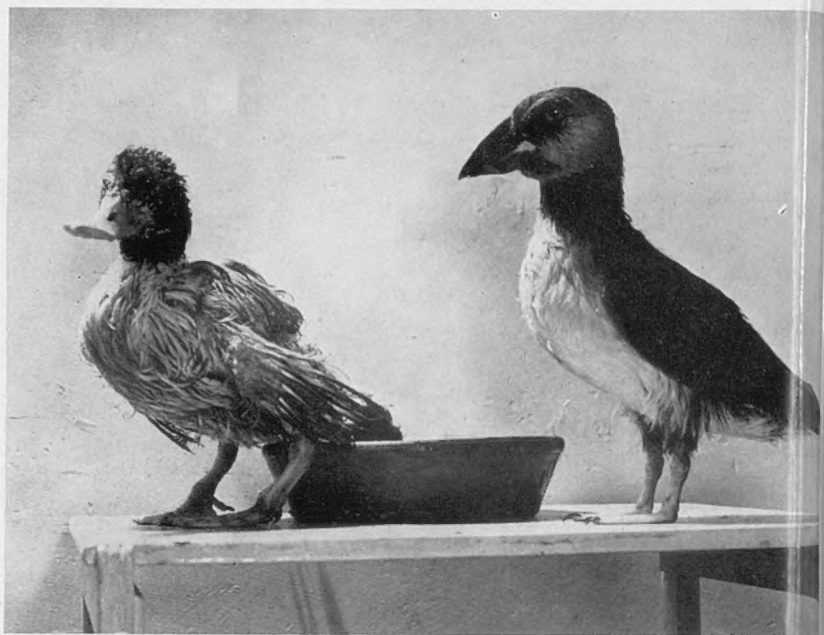
What the Butler Saw.—Before the next issue of this Newsletter is out, Mr. Butler will have opened his Pandora's box, and the prophets who to-day claim to know what is in his mind will be garlanded or exploded. The Chancellor's despatch-box is often called Pandora's box. From it escape "all the ills that flesh is heir-to," while Hope remains for ever fluttering in vain inside the lid. Hope, you know, is not taxed. That is why Chancellors don't bother to let her out. And always in the weeks before Budget day we hope and we prophesy, nine times out of ten, vainly. I well remember when my father cried havoc and ruin when income tax rose from 11d. to 1s. in the £. I have edited the letters of Whig Peers of the nineteenth century—the £40,000-a-year King Jogs—who planned to emigrate to Belgium, where living was cheaper, when the nasty property-tax was proposed. And now, when warm (or lukewarm) capitalists yield four-fifths of their incomes to the State and death almost annihilates their capital, we still struggle on in England, and still hope flutters in Pandora's box each spring. This year the prophets are modest. They expect a stepping-up of Post-War Credit payments, more help for pensioners, higher old-age pensions, something off the petrol tax. Some weeks ago I made my prophecy. My hopes fluttered rather higher than the rest.

"Unity Our Goal."—In many capitals of civilisation, Ministers go in fear of their lives, and armoured cars and cordons and body-guards are a regular feature of their lawful occasions and progresses. In England it is not so. As Sir H. Scott told the English-Speaking Union, the Metropolitan Police recognise the duty of protecting the Royal Family and Ministers, and keep their ears to the ground, and, when occasion demands, a detective is available. But no armoured cars. Yet here or elsewhere, if an assassin is determined, he will get his chance despite all the armour-plate and cordons that precaution can provide. We like to assume in this country, and usually with justification, that our public figures are not bloody tyrants and that our own people and those aliens to whom we still give hospitality in our overcrowded community are not "bloody" fools or cretins. So it is that even anonymous threats to murder are not taken too seriously. A certain type of undeveloped mind may compass an anonymous threat, but think twice about murder. That is not a general rule abroad, and we ourselves have not forgotten Sir Henry Wilson's murder. Certainly, I have not, for, apart from a cabman, I was the last man to speak to him when he went to his death from the door of the Travellers' Club. It is hard for sane men to comprehend how even the most disordered mentality could expect freedom or unity or any specific political aim to be furthered by threats anonymously made against a highly respected and loved lady, who never held any political office; or indeed how the murder of a sovereign, a president, a premier, or any other public figure, could prove a gain for freedom, an encouragement to unity, a blessing in disguise for anyone anywhere; or how the murder of British soldiers in the Canal Zone can advance Egypt's claim to sovereignty and all the privileges and responsibilities of a well-ordered State. But the world is a large Bedlam, and there must always be risks for the staffs of criminal lunatic asylums.

Nobel Peace Prize Candidate.—Those who choose the Prizeman for the Nobel Peace Prize must have found their task increasingly difficult of late years. For the world is still about as unpeaceable as it can be, and the prize is rather the reward of well-meant efforts than of achievement. It now seems possible that their task may be made easier. If the terms of their trust allow it, they will direct their choice among the class of scientists engaged in devising new weapons of mass-destruction in global war, and they will find a number of worthy candidates. It sounds anomalous, but in truth it is logical and realistic. Professor Hermann Oberth, for example, who invented the V-2 rocket. He claims that within twelve months it will be easy to reach any point in the globe from any other point within forty-five minutes with atom-loaded rockets. That means that on the declaration of war all the big cities of the enemy can be utterly destroyed within three ho Then there are the Professors who are studying sp mirrors, and gave the big idea to Charles Morgan his *The Burning Glass*. These mirrors, attached network of rockets, 60 miles wide, will concent the rays of the sun on the earth, and if they are centrated on "enemy" territory, a chain of c and great armies would crumble to ashes in a minutes. Quite a simple device, too, as these th go, and far more destructive than the atom, or the H-bomb. After all, if you explode an H-b midway in the Channel, its destructive power w be limited to Northern France, Belgium, etc., England and South Scotland. But the V.2 and burning glasses will work quicker and cover m more ground. When these two last inventions on the assembly lines next year, Professor Ob thinks that Governments will decide that world doesn't pay, and will keep war so cold that it freeze to death. If he proves right in his theor think he will deserve the 1956 prize, or at least de to share it with the burning-glass wizard.

Fra' Wigan.—When I passed thr Wigan last autumn, it was Wakes-time, and I plenty of time to look about me as we jerked crawling way through the Wen. I almost sym thised with impressionable juveniles (or, ind adults) who have come before the local magistr for misdemeanours in the past decade. Yet Wigan then completing a glorious record in the reduc of juvenile crime. In 1948 there had been 268 victions in the Juvenile Courts. The figure fe 190 by 1952, and to 75 last year. Why was t The police and the magistrates declare that it is result of insisting on the fathers of young delinq attending the Court, even if it means the loss day's work and pay. Thus the parent shares i shame, in the punishment and in the responsib for wiping out the slur and achieving a fresh start may be so. I have no doubt that that decisi sound and has helped to check juvenile crime in Wi No magistrate in this land can dispute that the fat and mothers have been too lax and are to blam the heavy incidence of juvenile delinquency sinc war. But let us not now dismiss other contribu factors—dirty, suggestive literature, the glorifica of crime in the cinema; the strips, the dreary, imb modern fashion in which the housewife does her ch to non-stop wireless, the hours of her week essent mortgaged to cinema visits and T.V. sessions. An us not forget the part played by the new typ energetic human parsons and the superb work influence of probation officers and welfare worker combating these handicaps. The improvement not exclusive to Wigan. All over the country improvement is visible. Reason, unseated, is regai a little of its balance; decency and discipline beginning to creep back here and there. Christia is raising its head.

TWO FEATHERED PATIENTS IN GOOD KEEPING



A HOSPITAL FOR WILD BIRDS TO THE RESCUE: This sorry-looking shelduck was pi up helpless in a St. Ives street, Cornwall, and with the puffin, became a pati at the hospital run by two sisters, Dorothy and Phyllis Yglesias, near the fish village of Mousehole. At the same time the hospital had about 150 o patients. The two sisters later planned to hand the shelduck to the R.S.P.

Q.C., K.C., Q.C.—With the death at age of 100 of Mr. Nathaniel Micklem, Q.C., it is that Lord Cecil of Chelwood remains the only law who was a Q.C. in Queen Victoria's reign, and been Q.C., K.C., K.C., K.C., K.C., Q.C. Lord Ro Cecil was born in 1864 and took silk in 1899 at age of thirty-five, after twelve years at the Usually, claims to be "last survivors" are upse other claimants, but such claims are more e established in the case of lawyers than of Minist A glance at a single book of reference can us settle it. Junior members of past Administra

are very soon forgotten, but can be unearthed after moderate research. I don't know how many survivors remain to-day of Queen Victoria's Governments. There were several alive not long ago. Sir Winston just missed that bus. He became Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1906. Pitts have been rare in our lifetime, and even junior office in a Government since 1900 has been a rarity for men in the early twenties. A man who was twenty-five in 1900 would to-day, if my figures are right, be in his eightieth year. Obviously, in all walks of life, we are drawing near the time when the last stragglers of eminent or moderately eminent Victorianism are staking exclusive claims. Bishops and deans are clearly ruled out. Literary men and artists and actors might provide lists of claimants. Max Beerbohm had gained fame before 1900 with *More*. Perhaps Masefield, but I think not. A. E. Matthews had had West End successes. Of M.P.s there are still a few, among them Lord Cecil's brother, Lord Quickswood, but not, I think, Sir Winston.

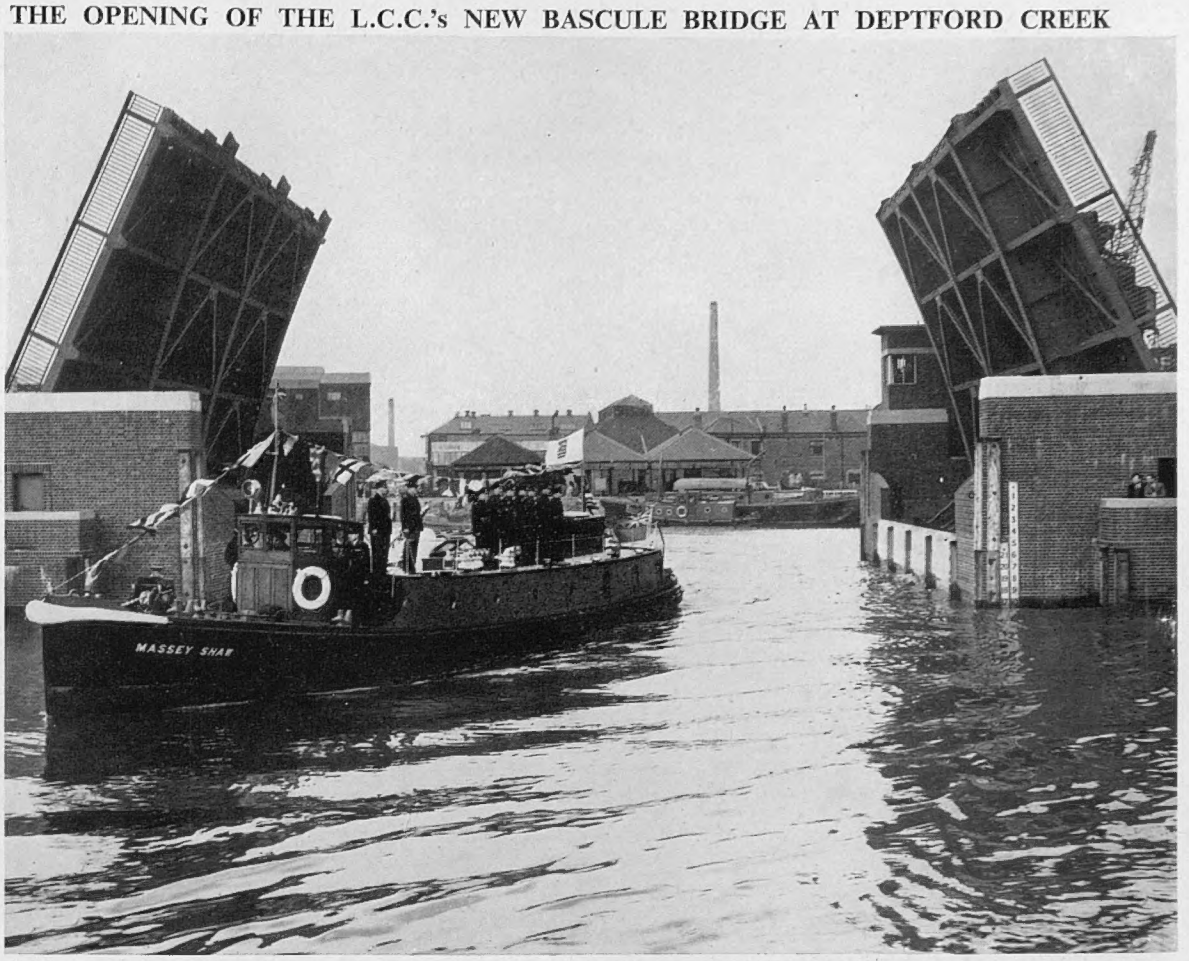
Rubbish.—In 1944 a Mr. Taylor was stationed at Parsonage Farm, Cricklade, which was then in use as a military workshop. "Rubbish" was being cleared away from the attics for burning, and his eye caught the address "Windsor Castle" on a letter. Thereupon he selected and salved about 100 letters which he thought might be interesting. He put them in a bank at Oxford and, the other day, lent them to a friend, who reported that many were from eminent Victorians. Now, it does not follow that letters from Wellington, Matthew Arnold, Florence Nightingale, or even W.G., are necessarily interesting or important, though there is always a chance that a sentence in one of them might correct an historical verdict or affect social or cricket history. Attic finds gave us the Thurlow papers; Creevey was in a sense rescued from an attic; and attics or archive rooms still hold a wealth of unsorted history. What always worries me is the low esteem in which more than half this nation (even among the "educated" element) hold the attics and the muniment rooms. Used to print and headlines, their eyes cannot endure to read faded ink. Living in the present, they have nothing but contempt for the past. Various owners of Parsonage Farm have either piled the attic "rubbish" on a bonfire or couldn't have cared less for the attic's contents. I almost wish we could nationalise the surviving attics, freeze their assets and put them in the care of a National Board as wise and trusted as any other National Board. Or, better still. . . .

A Trial at Assizes.—When a jury has given its verdict, the Press is free to comment on trials of public interest without fear of "contempt of Court." Of that privilege I shall not make free. I have nothing but praise for our Judicature. It is the admiration of the civilised world. Its chief aim is that justice should be done and *be seen to be done*. That applies alike to a rural Bench and to Assizes. That justice may be seen to be done, it is necessary that the public should not be excluded even from the most sordid and disgusting cases, and sometimes one may wish that some of that goggling public would look better from the dock. Sometimes, indeed, one regrets that necessity. A long-drawn-out, notorious, much-published ventilation of disgusting matters seems to pervert and degrade human life and everyday affairs and must be an influence for evil in weak minds. When such a trial is over, one feels as if the window had been opened and air let in at last to the fœtid atmosphere. But "contempt of Court" does not embrace the Judge and the Counsel engaged. As ever, they uphold the great traditions of a unique system of Judicature, from which prejudice, moral indignation, sensation and sentimentality are eliminated by sheer relevance and the most rigid application of the rules of evidence and Court procedure.

Spring.—"Country Parson" from the West of England overslept, and it was from Bexhill that the "first cuckoo" was heard calling on March 21. Thus the Cuckoo Stakes 1954 go prematurely to Sussex, an outsider. Yet Sussex contains Heathfield, or Hefful, which is the winter quarters of the cuckoo annually released by an old woman on Hefful Fair day (April 14), according to ancient Sussex legend. No doubt some naughty boy is chuckling in Bexhill. The chiff-chaff, of course, who is not so easy to imitate from the human throat, has been heard *passim* since March 18. I have not heard a chiff-chaff for at least ten years. I can still hear (and imitate) the cuckoo and the woodpigeon, and can enjoy the thrush and blackbird when singing at their loudest and clearest. But deafness is a great deprivation in spring, and the chaffinch for me sings in vain in the first days of it. However, it *is* spring at last by calendar and by the favour of nature. Last year March 21 was the twenty-ninth day of drought—an absolute drought. This year we have managed to replenish the wells and springs which badly need it. It is perhaps early yet to talk of the past winter and issue a verdict on it. There are likely to be nasty surprises yet for gardeners. Still, I will say *obiter* that I don't subscribe to all the complaints of its severity. I have known many worse winters, and after twenty years of patchwork have at last succeeded, chiefly with wood-burning stoves, in making my house comfortably warm. How anybody with even chestnut and fir to burn fails to make use of the cheapest and easiest form of heating, as supplied by modern wood-burning stoves, I can't conjecture. A single branch of a single fir will heat a small room to 62 deg. for twenty-four hours without attention. Cost: nil (except to your muscles) against £9 a ton for anthracite.

THE OLD STAGER

THE OPENING OF THE L.C.C.'s NEW BASCULE BRIDGE AT DEPTFORD CREEK



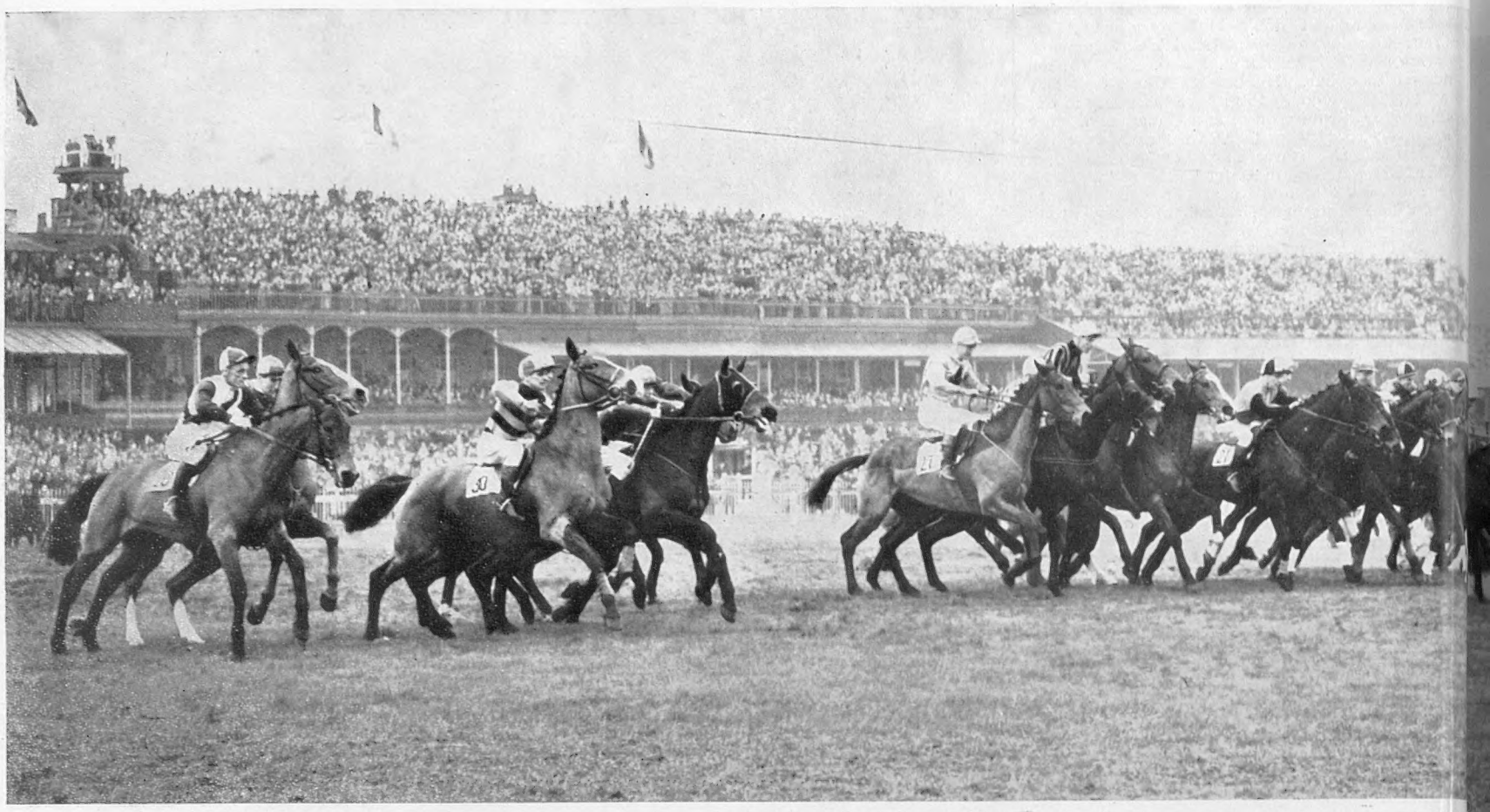
A VETERAN OF DUNKIRK TAKES PART IN THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE NEW BRIDGE AT DEPTFORD CREEK, ON THE MAIN ROAD FROM LONDON BRIDGE TO GREENWICH: The London County Council's firefloat *Massey Shaw* passing beneath the raised leaves of the bridge, which was officially opened last week by Hugh Molson, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Transport. The new bridge replaces an earlier construction damaged during the war.

The new bridge, which spans the estuary of the River Ravensbourne, also known as Deptford Creek, and which gives access to many wharves and industrial premises, is a double-leaf rolling lift bridge of steel construction, designed to carry a total load of approximately 550 tons. At last week's opening ceremony Mr. Hugh Molson cut a ribbon at the approach to the bridge, and then, accompanied by L.C.C. and local officials, walked to the control room to inspect the machinery for operating the two leaves. Within three minutes of setting the machinery in action the two leaves were raised in order to allow the passage through the Creek of the firefloat *Massey Shaw*.

The first bridge on the site, a wooden one for pedestrians only, replaced a ferry which had been provided across the estuary in the middle eighteenth century, and was itself replaced in 1815 by a more permanent structure suitable for vehicles, and which had an openable span to allow the passage of river traffic. In 1909 the Council obtained powers to construct an electric tramway along Creek Road and also to reconstruct and widen the bridge—a task which was completed in 1913. In September 1940, this bridge was so badly damaged by enemy action that it was rendered unusable as an opening bridge; as a temporary measure it was repaired for use as a fixed bridge, thereby restricting the navigation of the creek to barges and very small vessels. After the war, when plans were made for the new construction, a temporary rolling lift bridge was built, and bigger vessels were again able to ply to and from the wharves upstream.

AN AMAZING HAUL OF MULLET BY CORNISH FISHERMEN

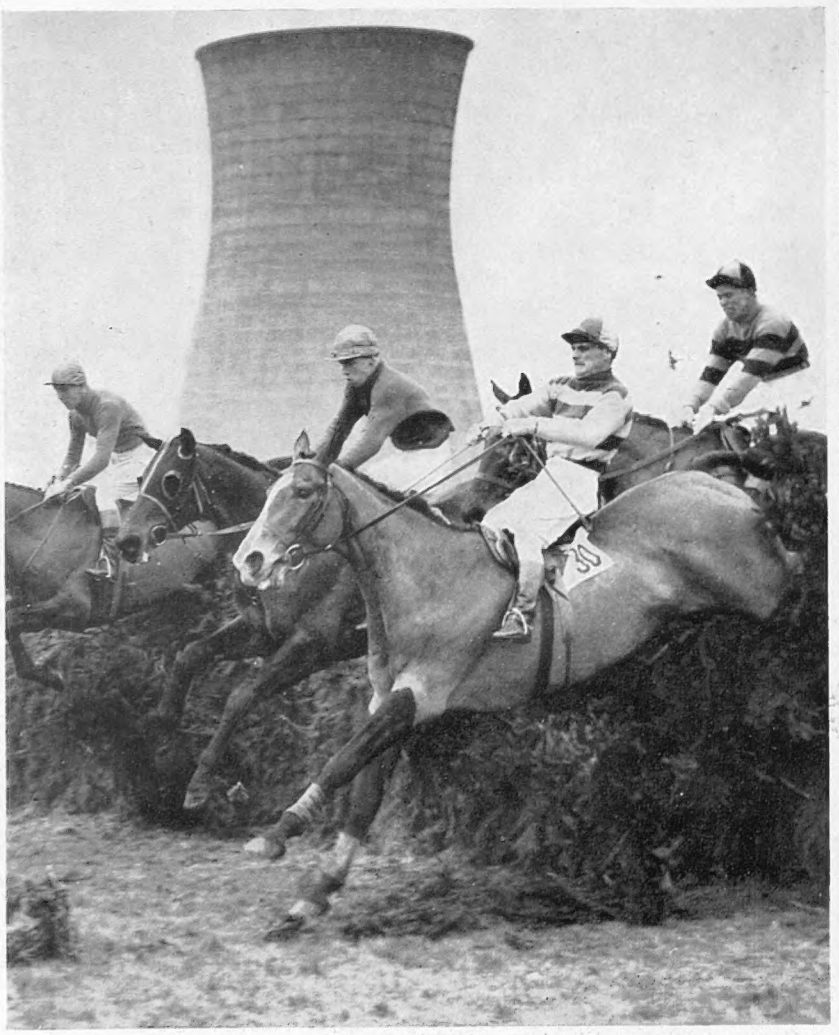
FISHERMEN WORK OVERTIME TO MOVE THE HUGE, GLISTENING MOUND OF OVER 50,000 MULLET ON THE BEACH AT SENNEN COVE, LAND'S END, BEFORE THE TURN OF THE TIDE. This astonishing catch, landed in one netting by local fishermen in Whitesand Bay, was too large for them to handle, and hundreds of the fish were carried out by the tide. It was the biggest catch locally for twenty years. The shoal had been seen in the vicinity of the bay since Christmas and the Seine Boat Company, of Sennen, in which many local fishermen are shareholders, sent out the seine boat, manned by six oarsmen, and their catch was astounding. Thirty-two men manning dorys fetched baskets and bags and, working all through the night, brought 50,000 fish close inshore, making a huge mound, 20 ft. square, below the cliffs at Sennen. Thousands of fish originally caught in the seine net, soon to be made illegal, slipped into the sea as the bulging net was dragged to the shore, and could be seen floating lifeless in the waves. Local people waded out and collected these.



THE TWENTY-NINE RUNNERS ARE OFF TO A GOOD START: Six minutes late, but in line, the runners in the 1954 Grand National at Aintree were sent off by the starter, Mr. A. Marsh. Royal Tan won the race by a neck from Tudor Line, with Irish Lizard ten lengths away third. Eight and five lengths behind, in fourth and fifth places, were Churchtown and Sanperion. The value of this year's race was £8,751. Only nine of the twenty-nine starters completed the course; four were killed, an unusually high proportion. The course had dried well after heavy rain forty-eight hours earlier, and the visibility was fairly good.

A THRILLING WIN IN THE GRAND NATIONAL

This Year's Race at Aintree, which Resulted in an Exciting Win for the Irish-trained Royal Tan



AT THE DREADED "CHAIR" JUMP: Lord Leverhulme's Royal Stuart, ridden by J. Power, is seen nearest the camera as he jumps over the "Chair." Fifteenth of the thirty jumps at the Aintree course, this is regarded as one of the stiffest obstacles in the race. This year two horses came down there.

PAST THE FIRST FENCE: The Grand National field after the first obstacle was crossed. Mr. E. Cousins is seen coming down on Alberoni, while immediately behind him R. Morrow is turning a somersault after Whispering Steel had fallen. Swinton Hero and Gentle Moya also fell at this obstacle.

On right—

FIRST TIME ROUND AT BECHER'S BROOK: Border Luck (ridden by T. Shone) taking the famous jump. Immediately in front of him is Churchtown (T. Taaffe), who finished fourth, and in front of him, recovering from a stumble, is the favourite, Irish Lizard (M. Scudamore), who finished third.

WHEN CONEYBURROW NEARLY FELL : A dramatic scene at the water jump as the second favourite nearly went down. Immediately following him, right, is Royal Stuart, ridden by J. Power. Only fine riding by P. Taafe kept Coneyburrow going. He finally fell four fences from home and had to be destroyed.

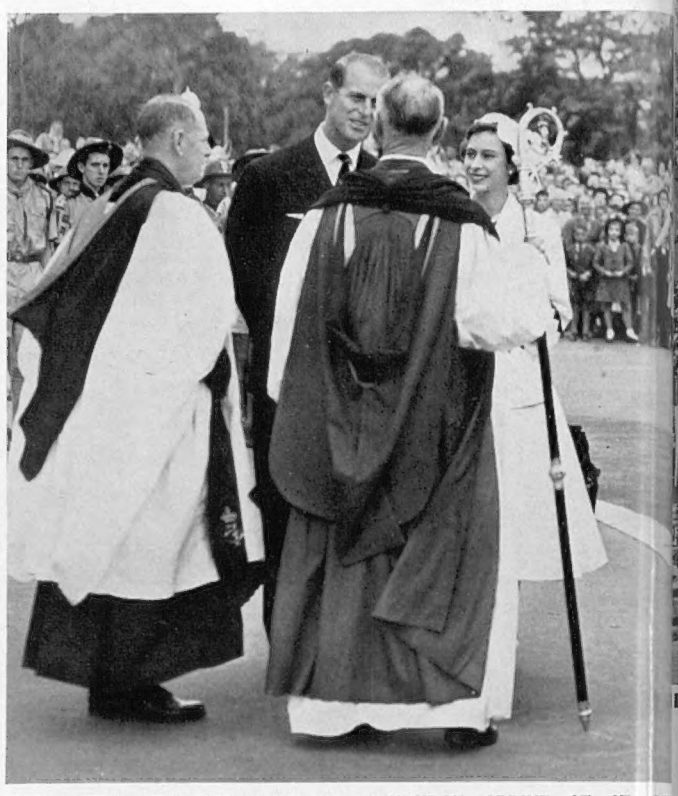
A TREMENDOUS FINISH : Bryan Marshall, right, edges the Irish-trained Royal Tan past the post, just in front of Tudor Line, ridden by George Slack. The difference between the two horses at the end of the gruelling 4½-mile race was a neck.

A STOP IS MADE AT BROKEN HILL, THE OUTBACK TOWN OF NEW SOUTH WALES, DURING THE LONG FLIGHT FROM BRISBANE TO ADELAIDE: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh bid farewell to the Governor of New South Wales, Sir John Northcott, and Miss Elizabeth Northcott, at the end of their short stay in the town. Forty thousand people cheered the Royal couple on their arrival, and after visiting the hospital and receiving a civic welcome, the Queen went to the famous Flying Doctor radio base, where she heard an address of welcome sent on the radio from Muloorina, 300 miles away in the north of South Australia. Over the same two-way network, the Queen paid a warm tribute to the people of the outback. Before leaving the town the Royal visitors inspected an ambulance aircraft named the *John Flynn* after the man whose foresight gave Australia its renowned Flying Doctor Service.

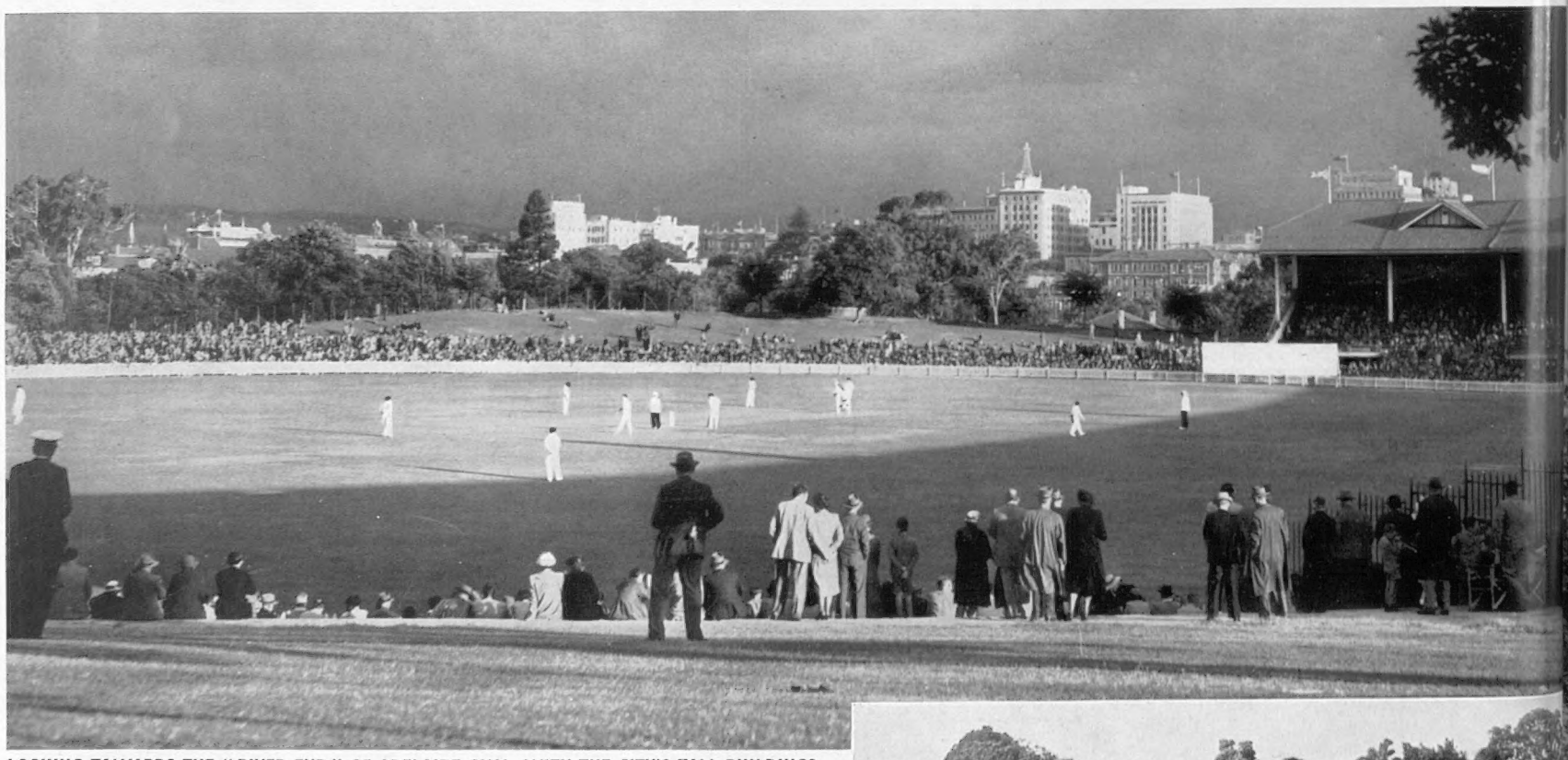
The Royal Tour of Australia

IN THE GARDEN CITY OF ADELAID

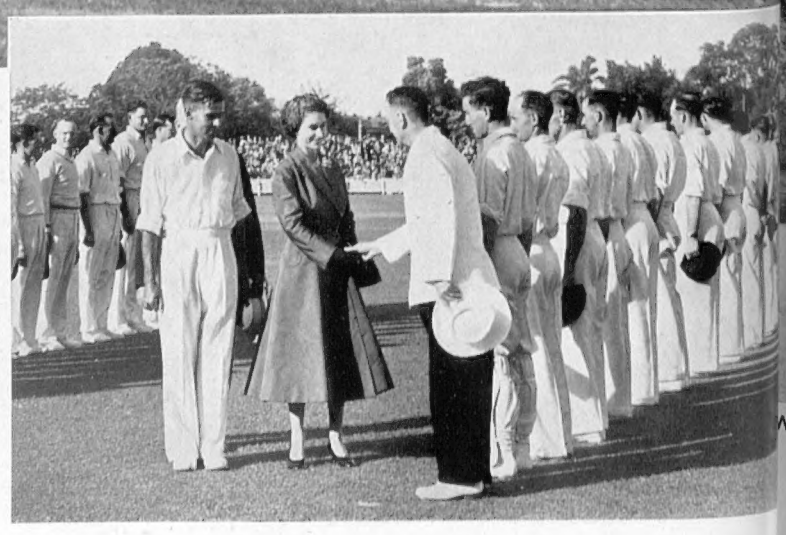
From Queensland the Queen and the Duke of Edinbur Fly South, Stopping En Route at Broken Hill



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVE AT ST. PE CATHEDRAL: They are seen talking to the Bishop of Ade Australia's "City of Churches," when they went to the cath for morning prayer on Sunday, March 21. The South Aust capital gave the Queen and her husband a great welcome, many hund outback people from distant homesteads and settlements travelling to t for the occasion. Some travelled from Darwin, 1,700 miles



LOOKING TOWARDS THE "RIVER END" OF ADELAIDE OVAL, WITH THE CITY'S TALL BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND: The occasion was a match between the South Australian Cricket Association and the Country Carnival Cricket Association attended by the Royal couple. *Inset on right*—Her Majesty is seen meeting members of the teams.



After flying 1,000 miles from the tropical heat of Brisbane, stopping en route at the outback town of Broken Hill, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Adelaide to begin their tour of South Australia. They were greeted at Parafield Airport by the Governor, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Robert George, and by the Premier, Mr. Thomas Playford. Thousands of people lined the route to Government House, among them many hundreds of outback people from distant homesteads and settlements, as well as aborigines from Central Australia. The Queen's official engagements began the next morning, and during the course of the following week she spent several days in the city, as well as travelling to many towns in the State. The highlight of the visit was the opening of the State Parliament, before which the Queen and her husband received a rousing welcome from 23,000 ex-Servicemen and women. In the afternoon of the same day, 100,000 South Australian children flocked into the city for a demonstration at the Wayville Oval. Then on the next day there was the Lord Mayor's garden party at Elder Park on the bank of the River Torrens, followed by a great open-air music festival.

The first visit outside the city was to Whyalla, a shipbuilding centre on the Spencer Gulf. From Whyalla they went on to Port Lincoln, a place renowned for its big game shark-fishing. Later came a flight to the rich River Murray districts, the centre of Australia's dried fruit industry.

DRIVING DOWN KING WILLIAM STREET ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE STAY IN ADELAIDE : The Royal visitors had arrived in the city the previous evening but their round of official engagements did not begin until the morning of March 19. Then they drove from Government House to lay their wreaths at the base of the South Australian War Memorial, and eventually to the Town Hall to receive a civic welcome from the Premier, Mr. T. Playford, and the Lord Mayor, Mr. A. C. Rymill. Like the streets of Melbourne, the broad streets of Adelaide are one of its first features which strike the visitor, but the impression that lingers is that of the gentle slopes of the Mount Lofty Ranges, covered with their vineyards, olive groves and almond trees, all within fifteen minutes' journey from the city.

A SCENE OF PAGEANTRY AS THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE LEAVE GOVERNMENT HOUSE ESCORTED BY POLICE MOUNTED ON GREYS AND CARRYING LANCES : Among the engagements in the city was the State Banquet, when the Premier presented the Queen with a necklet containing a magnificent opal known as the "Andamooka Opal." It is considered to be one of the finest opals ever found in the country.

WITH CITIZENS OF WHYALLA DURING THE TOUR OF THE STATE: The 200-mile journey from Adelaide had been made by plane and thousands of people awaited the Royal arrival. Some had come from the Western Australian border, and others from remote settlements along the trans-Australian railway line. Many came from the Woomera Rocket Range, which the Duke visited two days later.

ABORIGINES PERFORM A SECRET CORROBOREE BEFORE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT THE MEMORIAL OVAL AT WHYALLA : *Above* and *below* : The aborigines who danced for the Queen were Pitjintjara tribesmen and about half their number have had little contact with civilisation. They came to Whyalla from the semi-desert country extending across the interior of Australia. For this corroboree, which no woman would customarily be permitted to see, they required an assurance that the Queen would never impart its secrets to any other woman. The performers were painted with ochre and their hair was thick with clay, mixed with kangaroo blood.

The R.A.F.'s GREAT WIN on the THAMES

A Fine Performance in the Head of the River Race, when they Completed the 4¼-mile Course in Under 20 Minutes

On right—

CRAFT ASSEMBLING FOR THE START OF THE TWENTY-SECOND HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE ROWED OVER A 4¼-MILE COURSE FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE : There were more than 235 crews entered in this year's race, and contrary to other years, it was rowed on the flood-tide, the middle and later starters having some advantage over the earlier starters. The Royal Air Force, who had triumphed in the Reading Head of the River race two weeks earlier, won in 19 mins. 58 secs., the only crew to complete the course in under twenty minutes. They received the Fairbairn Bust in lieu of the new Vernon Award, which can only be given to the fastest crew of clubs situated on the Tideway ; the R.A.F. boathouse is at Wallingford. The Vernon Award, a silver statuette of an oarsman, presented by K. Vernon, of the Thames Rowing Club, went to the London Rowing Club I, who finished second in 20 mins. 4 secs. Jesus College, Cambridge, was third, and Lady Margaret, Cambridge, fourth.

MANŒUVRING INTO POSITION : Some of the starters seen making their way to the course. In previous years the race has been rowed on the ebb-tide, which put the late starters often at a disadvantage.

LINING-UP FOR THE START AND A RACE IN PROGRESS : *Left*—Thames R.C.I, who finished in sixth place in 20 mins. 13 secs., being fended off by another crew. *Right*—The scene at Hammersmith last Saturday just prior to shooting the bridge. The signal for the start of the race was given by the First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, and the largest entry—11 eights—was from the Thames Rowing Club. The winning R.A.F. crew is now to be disbanded.

WHAT MAY BE THE MUMMY OF AN INCA PRINCESS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: The body of the child, which was thought to have been no more than ten years old at death. She is seen wearing a black sleeveless woollen robe, guanaco leather moccasins, and silver ornaments on her head and arms.

An Inca Princess Revealed?

The Discovery of a Mummy, which is Thought to be that of an Indian Girl of the Fifteenth Century, in its Tomb of Ice on a Mountain Summit in Chile

A remarkably perfect specimen of a human figure of an ancient era was brought to light in a discovery near Santiago, Chile. On the summit of Mount El Plomo some 16,000 ft. high, an ice-packed grave was discovered, containing the body of a ten-year-old girl. It was thought possible by anthropologists that the Indian girl may have been an Inca princess of the period preceding the Spanish conquest, perhaps 500 years ago. Experts were, however, unwilling to commit themselves before they had been able to make an exhaustive investigation of the body.

The discovery was made by a ninety-five-year-old mule-keeper who had previously brought back Inca relics from the mountain-top. He told how he was attracted by a man-made barrier of stones encircling the peak, and how, on investigation, he came upon an Inca shrine, which contained a block of perpetual ice. In the ice was a human figure, fully dressed. With her arms folded, the girl, as she turned out to be, was seated in an attitude of complete repose and bearing a sweet expression on her face.

The herdsman led Mr. Alberto Medina, of the University of Chile, to the burial-place. An American anthropologist, Dr. Schaedel, who is head of anthropological studies at the University of Chile, helped to purchase the mummy. It was carefully brought down from the mountain partly enclosed in the original ice-pack, and it was then taken to the refrigeration chamber of the Institute of Anatomy and Pathology in Santiago, where experts had an opportunity of examining it. The preservation of the body is so perfect that the powder paint on the face could be removed at a touch. The eye globes are intact and one of the finger nails even shows traces of dirt. The brightly-coloured clothes appear to be new, and near the body lay offerings of heavy silver necklaces. The surroundings of the mummy indicated that the burial was that of a well-to-do Inca girl in the true Inca traditions, which preserve her from witchcraft and ensure a long life. Certainly, if the initial assumptions of experts are confirmed, the snows of El Plomo have ensured the preservation of the little girl beyond the wildest expectations of the Incas.

THE PERFECTLY PRESERVED BODY IN ITS RESTFUL POSE: The girl in the position in which she was found preserved in a block of ice on Mount El Plomo, near Santiago.

Below—

SOME OF THE ANCIENT RELICS WHICH WERE FOUND WITH THE MUMMY: Around the sepulchre which, it is thought, may be that of an Inca princess, were found a number of relics which were part of the ancient Indian burial rites. They include the figure of a llama, a doll beautifully worked and a bag with red parrot feathers.

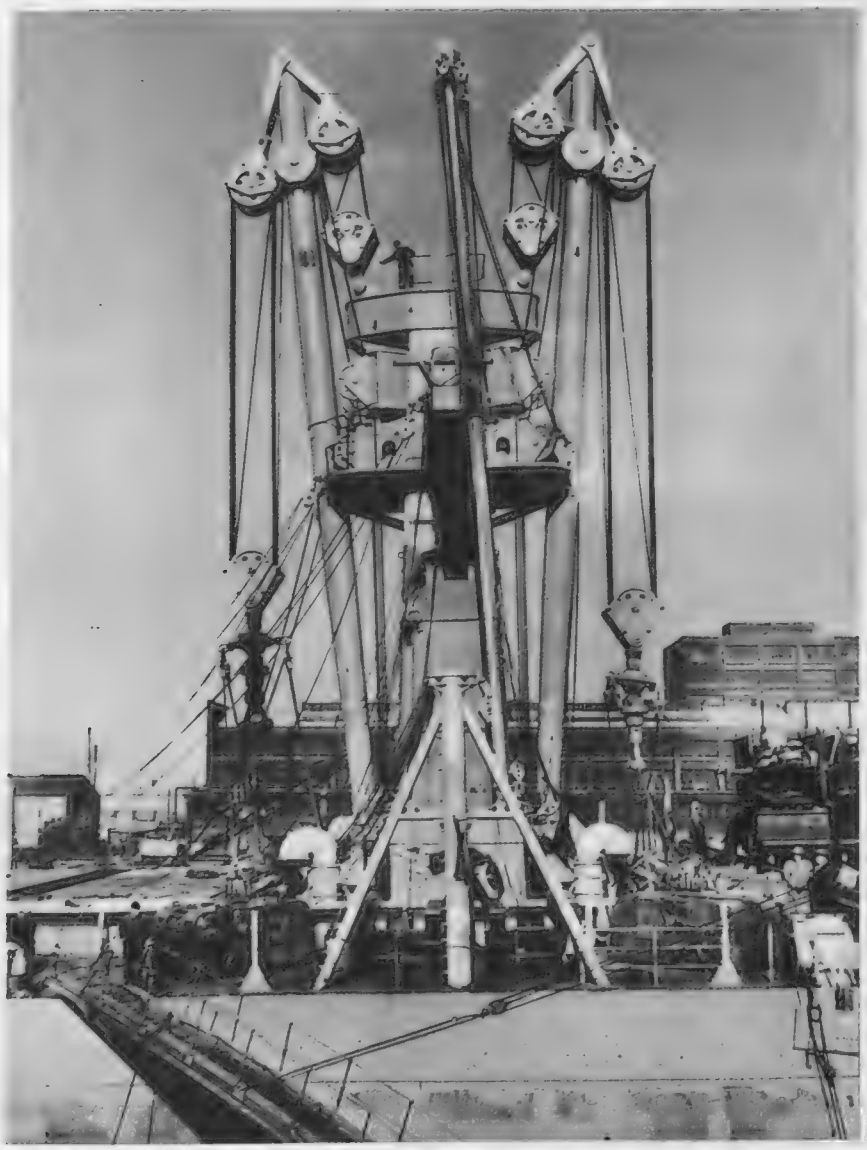
ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATIONS IN GREECE OVER THE CYPRUS QUESTION : Students outside the British Consulate on the island of Rhodes when they were demonstrating against Mr. Eden's announcement in the House of Commons that Britain would not discuss the status of Cyprus with the Greek Government. In Rhodes the demonstrators broke a number of windows, and some were injured in clashes with the police. They were inspired by the presence on the island of Archbishop Makarios, the leader of the Cypriot movement for union with Greece.

Foreign News in Pictures

DEMONSTRATIONS IN RHODES AND ROME

And Other Recent Events in New York, Cairo and Cyprus

ROMAN SCHOOLBOYS REMEMBER TRIESTE : A police jeep bearing away a number of schoolb while fellow-students chase it in an effort to rescue their comrades. The incident occu during demonstrations in Rome for the return of Trieste. The disturbances started when Mid and High School students marched out of their classrooms, and pursuing what was appare a pre-arranged plan, assembled in various city squares. Police met the schoolboys and broke an attempted march to the Via Veneto before it could get under way. There were no re of serious incidents, but about 100 schoolboys were taken away by police after a series of sch



A GIANT DERRICK FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY : This is said to be the biggest cargo-handling gear ever constructed, and will enable the United States Naval Station Brostrom at Brooklyn, New York, to load and discharge cumbersome military supplies without calling on other shoreside facilities. The Brostrom has been converted by the Bethlehem Steel Company to handle loads up to 150 tons.

KING SAUD'S VISIT CAIRO : A detachm of the Egyptian Ca Corps passing the sa ing base in Cairo wh the King of Saudi Ara and the Egyptian Pr dent took the sa during a great milit parade. *On left*— Ralph Stevenson, British Ambassador Egypt, seen with K Saud, to whom he p his respects In Ca King Saud had com Egypt on a state during which he held number of import political talks with current leaders of regime. The first de the King's visit marked by bomb plosions in the ca thought to be caused opponents of the re

A GREAT AMERICAN AIRCRAFT FACTORY—THE REPUBLIC AVIATION CORPORATION'S PLANT AT FARMINGDALE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK: This factory, which covers a 500-acre site, and which employs nearly 30,000 people on a round-the-clock basis, is at present engaged in turning out the new F-84F Thunderstreak. This aircraft is the successor to the Thunderjet, on which production ended last July after over 4,400 aircraft had been completed for the U.S.A.F. and several N.A.T.O. countries. The Thunderjet proved its worth in the Korean War both in a ground-support role and in aerial combat with the MIG 15. The first production model of the Thunderstreak, a swept-wing version of the Thunderjet, was delivered to the U.S.A.F. in December 1952, and production has continued at top speed since then. The Republic Corporation also has an extensive research programme in operation, and among its experimental aircraft is the XF-91, a high-speed interceptor plane with a jet engine that can be used in conjunction with rocket motors.

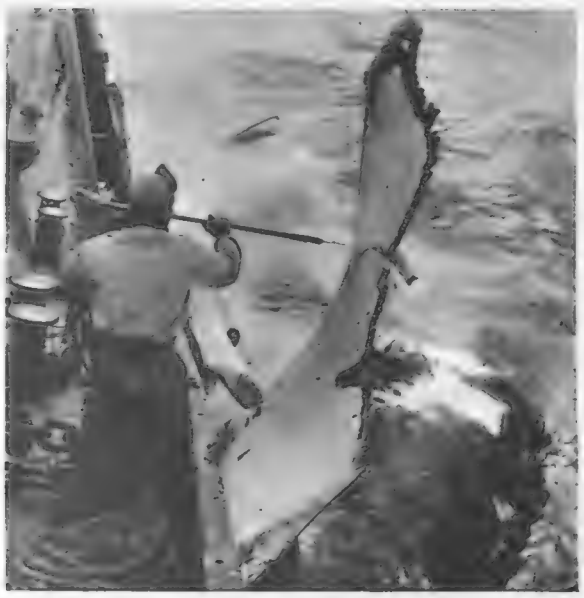
THUNDERSTREAKS ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE: Over 100 of these aircraft are seen in various stages of completion in the vast factory at Farmingdale. The Thunderstreak is greatly superior in performance to the Thunderjet.

WILL CYPRUS BECOME THE ARMY'S MIDDLE EAST HEADQUARTERS?—LARGE BUILDING OPERATIONS ARE UNDERTAKEN: The ring road round the British cantonment at Dekhelia, where new headquarters buildings are now under construction. *On right*—Workmen laying an asphalt road. It has for some time been thought possible that, in the event of British evacuation of the Canal Zone, Cyprus may become the headquarters of the British Army and Royal Air Force in the Middle East. There has been no official confirmation of any such proposal, but considerable building has recently been undertaken in the island. Last month a meeting took place in Cyprus between General Sir Charles Keightley, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces, Air Marshal Pelly, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Air Forces, General Sir Ouvry Roberts, the Quartermaster-General, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Whitworth Jones, member of the Air Council for supply and organisation. Although the general situation in the Middle East was discussed, it is thought that the officers referred particularly to the possible use of Cyprus as a future headquarters.

PREPARING FOR ACTION: Leslie Gadd, A.B., polishes the harpoon in readiness for the day's whaling. Gadd is the only Australian in his whaler, but speaks fluent Norwegian, the language of many of his colleagues.

HARPOON AWAY: The whaler has stalked the whale for fifteen minutes until, as it surfaces to blow, the gunner-captain pulls the trigger and the 3-ft. harpoon is shot into the whale just under the dorsal fin.

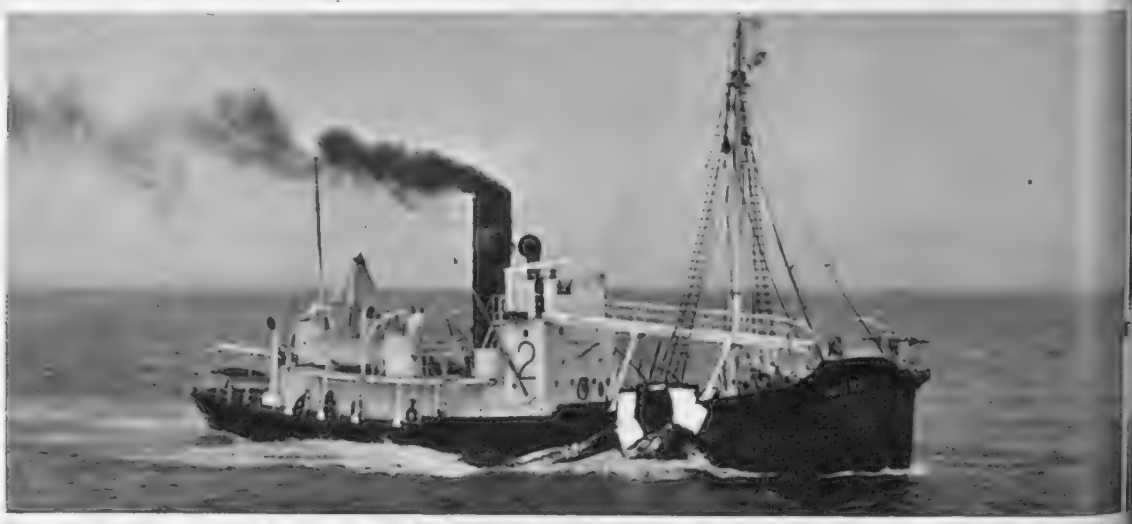
WHALES ON THE LONG SLIPWAY LEADING TO THE FLENSING (OR CUTTING-UP) DECK AT TANGALOOMA WHALI STATION, ON MORETON ISLAND, THIRTY MILES OUT IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN FROM THE QUEENSLAND ST CAPITAL OF BRISBANE: The station, opened two years ago, is financed by the Sydney company cal Whale Products. During the season it handles seven or eight Humpback whales every day, processing th for oil, which is stored in the tanks seen on the left. This is then exported mainly to Britain, wi a small percentage going to Italy and an even smaller quota being retained for consumption in Austra



A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE ALONGSIDE: The whale's tail-fins are hacked off with a flensing knife, as they are capable of causing trouble when the ship rolls.

WHALING OFF AUSTRALIA'S PACIFIC COAST

The New Whaling Station at Tangalooma, on the Thirty-mile-long Moreton Island, Close to the Queensland Coast at Brisbane, where Seven or Eight Whales are Handled Each Day



ONE OF THE TWO WHALERS HEADS FOR HOME: The *Kos II*, the second of the two whaling craft, or chase operating from Tangalooma, is seen steaming back to her base, with her whales, two on each side, lashed

Standing very close to the most easterly point of Australia is the island of Moreton, which two years ago became the site for the Tangalooma Whaling Station. Two chasers, or whaling craft, both skippered by Norwegians, operate from the station, hunting and killing every day in the season, which lasts from May to October. The International Whaling Commission sets a limit on the number of kills which may be made by each station in the world, and also regulates the actual killing—no cow with a calf, or a whale under 35 ft. The Commission is also interested in the migratory habits of the whale, and has instituted a system whereby the movements of some whales can be recorded at their offices. A small steel shaft, which has the date and place engraved on it, is harpooned into the flesh of calf whales, and years later, if one of these whales is killed, the plate is returned by the whaling station together with particulars of the place of killing.

Every winter, whales can be seen making their way north up the coast from the cold waters of the Antarctic, to the warmth of the tropics. Here they mate and have their calves. A cow will calve twice every three years, the youngster weighing about a ton at birth, and averaging about 14 ft. in length. It is assumed that the Humpback whale feeds only in the Antarctic on the tiny, shrimp-like crustaceans known as plankton, and lives on its own blubber resources during the voyage north, as no food has ever been found in the entrails of whales killed off Queensland, and those which are taken at the end of the season have a very thin blubber layer.

Kos I and *Kos II*, the Tangalooma chasers, ride in a smooth anchorage overnight, some distance from the station, and each morning steam out to the breeding-grounds, a couple of hours' run away. On sighting a whale the gunner-captain on the bridge gives orders to the engine-room and the craft slows down to approach the quarry. Mostly the whales travel in groups of three—bull, cow and calf, with the calf hugging in tightly to the side of the cow; the bull rolls through the sea a few yards apart. They submerge for a while then reappear again going in a completely different direction. The captain, leaving his bridge and the wheel in the hands of the first mate, moves down the cat-walk to the bow of the boat where the harpoon gun is ready. The bull whale is singled out, and as it curves for the second or third time, there is a deafening shot, the line writhes out behind the deadly steel shaft, and the huge body dives deeply for the last time. A pipe-line injected into the carcass inflates it with air and renders it buoyant for easy towing. A line is slipped around the tail, the tail-flaps are cut away, the wireless operator radios back a report of the catch to Tangalooma, and the chaser is once again on the prowl and look-out for more whales.

Towards mid-afternoon the chasers make their way up the channel to the Tangalooma slipway, moving slowly now with three or four great carcasses hampering the speed of the craft. One by one the huge inert masses are hauled across the shallows and up the slipway to the flensing (or cutting-up) deck. The stench on the flensing deck is extremely powerful, but the pay is good and there is a long waiting list of would-be employees. The men who work in this section come from all parts of the world, and one may hear eighteen different languages throughout the two four hours of each day.

The flensing deck is the main hub of activity, a two flensers, who learnt their trade from a Norweg team, make the initial cuts into each whale. A s winch is hooked into a cut in the blubber near t head and a great sheet of oil-bearing fat is torn h from the side of the whale, leaving the red meat expos Step by step the whale is dismembered. Two h cooking-pots pressurise the blubber, extracting the o the red meat is minced up and then cooked to v a small quantitity of concentrated oil. It is fin dried out into a fine powder which makes an excell stock feed. The immense backbone is sawn into secti and then boiled down with the entrails for oil. A that remains to be dealt with is the baleen. This i stratified and hairy structure forming a strainer in t mouth of the whale through which it filters sea-wa to get the plankton. Baleen was originally used f whaleboning, but is now stored for other purpos Each whale is worth about £800 to the owners.

All the personnel live on the station during t season. A busy catering staff copes with continual rel of meals involved by the different shifts, and the stati has its own doctor, wireless operator, engineers, ma tenance men, blacksmiths and electricians. Ev alternate Sunday a small launch sets out from Brisb and the mainland, carrying members of the ma families and friends for a picnic day on the island

A MECHANICAL DEVICE IS BROUGHT INTO USE ON THE FLENSING DECK AT TANGALOOMA: This giant saw is used to cut through the whale's tremendous backbone, some 18 ins. thick. It is then boiled down with the entrails for oil. Only one humpback whale at a time can be dealt with on the flensing deck.

THE FLENSERS MAKE PRELIMINARY CUTS: Wearing spiked rubber boots to prevent slipping on the carcass, they are standing on the whale's ventricles, which act as a cooling system, opening and closing as the water temperature changes.

ALL IS MADE READY FOR THE PROCESSING: The meat from the whales is stamped down into the cooking-pots before the hatches are closed and the boiling-down commences. There are two cooking-pots at the station, and work goes on throughout the night under the glare of searchlights.

TWO STAGES ON THE FLENSING DECK: *Left*—The first cut is made into the whale and a strip of blubber some 6 ins. thick is peeled off by a winch, revealing, on *right*, an inside layer of thick white blubber. This again is about 6 ins. thick and covers the actual meat of the whale. The stench from the flensing deck hangs heavily in the air and is, perhaps, the most unpleasant aspect of the whole business. To the newcomer it taints the food for days and clings in the hair and clothing.

THE POWER OF THE H-BOMB

The Unforeseen Results of the Hydrogen Bomb which was Exploded in the South Pacific last month

When, on March 1, an American hydrogen bomb was exploded at the Bikini Atoll, something must have happened that scientists had never experienced before; something that must have surprised and astonished them. That, at any rate, is the explanation which President Eisenhower has given to account for the fact that a Japanese fishing vessel, although outside the normal danger zone, received a shower of ashes as a result of the explosion which has made the crew, the vessel and her fish radioactive. Casualties were caused eighty miles away from the site of the explosion and radiation waves reached a point 800 miles away. Obviously the force of the weapon was far greater than that of any atomic or hydrogen bomb hitherto exploded. Buildings were shaken 176 miles away, and some 250 people within the area who were exposed to radiation had to be evacuated. The hydrogen explosion threw up a nuclear cloud 17 miles high and 28 miles in diameter.

As soon as the affected fishing vessel, the *Fukuryu Maru*, reached port in Japan, American and Japanese specialists took all steps to treat the twenty-three men affected by radioactivity. Furthermore, the vessel itself was decontaminated from radioactive elements, and all catches of fish which had come from the area were carefully examined. In Tokyo there was considerable alarm lest the vital fishing-grounds had been contaminated as a result of the explosion, and despite assurances from the American authorities, many Japanese are refusing to eat fish.

One of the effects of the revelations of the surprising power of the hydrogen bomb is that in the United States Civil Defence authorities are drastically revising their plans. It became obvious that plans based on the assumption that the effective radius of an atomic or hydrogen bomb was not much greater than six miles are now completely out-of-date. At the same time, extra vigilance is being maintained against atomic sabotage by foreign agents.

TOKYO'S FISH SUPPLY TESTED FOR RADIOACTIVITY: A tuna being examined with a Geiger counter by members of the Tokyo Scientific Research Institute at the Central Fish Market in the Japanese capital. The fish is part of the catch of the vessel *Fukuryu Maru*, on which radioactive ashes fell after the explosion of a hydrogen bomb.

TREATING BURNS IN A TOKYO HOSPITAL: The man receiving treatment was badly affected when radioactive ashes fell on board his fishing vessel.

On left—
THE AFFECTED FISHING VESSEL: The *Fukuryu Maru* at her home port of Yaezu, about 100 miles from Tokyo. Arrangements have been made to decontaminate her from radioactivity.

On right—
THE JAPANESE FISH MARKET IS HIT: The sign in the Tokyo market reads: "Tuna received to-day are not contaminated. A-bomb has nothing to do with to-day's fish."

A RADIOACTIVE PRESS CONFERENCE: Dr. Shimizu, of Tokyo University, is explaining to reporters about the burns suffered by two of the fishermen, Yamamoto and Masuda. Both the patients had their hair cut as it had been radioactively contaminated.

DECONTAMINATING PART OF THE TOKYO FISH MARKET: As soon as the radioactive fish landed by the *Fukuryu Maru* had been disposed of, steps were taken to decontaminate that area of the Central Market where the work was carried out.

Indo-China's Heaviest Battle

Some of the Heaviest Fighting of the War, Now in its Eighth Year, has been Raging Round the Northern Stronghold of Dien Bien Phu

FRENCH FORWARD TROOPS REST BETWEEN ATTACKS ON DIEN BIEN PHU : The Viet-Minh rebel forces, who have been poised outside the Northern Indo-China stronghold for some weeks, have recently launched their main attack. They are reported to have suffered 6,000 casualties in killed and wounded.

The war in Indo-China, now in its eighth year, has suddenly flared up in intensity. Recently, round Dien Bien Phu, in Northern Indo-China, one of the fiercest battles of the war has been raging. It is largely a static battle: the rebel Viet-Minh forces have brought up a considerable quantity of artillery and mortars and have been bombarding the French outpost very heavily. In return, the French have been making some 600 air sorties a week to destroy the Viet-Minh gun positions. They have been using 1,000-lb. high-explosive bombs and quantities of napalm, the deadly jellied-petrol bombs. But the Viet-Minh are constantly moving their guns and the French counter-attacks have done little to diminish the continuous heavy bombardment.

The outcome of the battle has considerable political significance, which explains the determined efforts of both sides. If the Franco-Viet Nam forces yield Dien Bien Phu, it will be a considerable blow to morale, both locally and in France. If the Viet-Minh take it, it will enormously strengthen the hands of the Chinese delegates at the forthcoming Geneva Conference this month, and might even force a negotiated peace in Indo-China of no little advantage to the Communist side.

In Washington, General Paul Ely, French Chief of Staff, arrived to discuss the Indo-China situation with President Eisenhower, Mr. Dulles and Admiral Radford and to get as much additional help from the Americans without committing them to direct intervention in the war.

A FRENCH TRENCH OUTSIDE DIEN BIEN PHU : The battle has been for the large part a static one. The Viet-Minh have brought up a considerable amount of artillery and seem to be aiming at blasting the French troops out of their positions.

WOUNDED, BUT CARRYING ON : This grim-faced Foreign Legion lieutenant looks out from his dug-out on to the battlefield.

IN COMMAND AT DIEN BIEN PHU : Colonel de Castries, the French commandant, has relied mainly on superior air power to strike back at the massed Viet-Minh artillery.

THE WOUNDED ARE FLOWN OUT : Sikorsky helicopters, which can take six cases at a time, have been making two flights a day from Muong Sai, 55 miles to the south-west. Heavy enemy fire has made these evacuations most hazardous.

REINFORCEMENTS DROP IN : The French garrison has been relying on the Air Force for its supplies and reinforcements. To counter the heavy artillery bombardment, the Air Force have been making about 600 sorties a week to bomb the gun positions.

The Last Days of the "Warspite"

The Old Battleship is being Stripped of her Metal in Salvage Operations at Marazion, Cornwall

JET ENGINES USED TO FLOAT THE OLD SHIP: One of the two jet aircraft engines which were used to force compressed air into the sealed compartments of the vessel in order to float her towards the beach.

The old *Warspite* is fighting to the end. The reluctance with which she went to the ship-breakers' yard in 1947 was dramatically emphasised when, in a storm off Land's End, a tow-rope parted and she was swept on the rocks in Mount's Bay. Since then she has been giving the Wolverhampton Metal Company, owners of the wreck, a great deal of trouble in their endeavours to salvage scrap metal. Now at last the *Warspite*, split in two by oxy-acetylene flames, is being stripped of her valuable steel.

The *Warspite* was planned before the First World War and was completed in time to take part in the Battle of Jutland. In the 1930's she underwent a complete overhaul. New guns, new machinery and new equipment were installed in the old hull, and by 1939 she was ready once again, as a battleship of 31,000 tons, to go into action. The old ship was not spared. At the Battle of Narvik she entered the fjord in support of the destroyers. Subsequently, while serving as the flagship of Admiral Cunningham, she was badly damaged off Crete. After sailing alone to America for repairs, she operated for a while in the Pacific. But she was back again in the Mediterranean to cover the North African landings, and she finished the war by bombarding land targets in North-West Europe.

To-day the veteran lies broken in two. Each section was sealed and made watertight, and with the aid of compressed air from two jet aircraft engines, they were floated towards the sands of Marazion. Calmly she now awaits the final onslaught of the shipbreakers.

THE OLD WARSHIP LIES OFF CORNWALL, READY FOR THE SHIPBREAKERS: The fore and aft sections of the battleship *Warspite* lying in V-formation off the Marazion beach, in Cornwall. When the vessel was beached seven years ago on her way to the breakers' yards, it was decided to split her in two by using underwater cutting oxy-acetylene flames and explosives.

ONCE THE BOILER-ROOM OF A MIGHTY WARSHIP: Men at work amid the twisted wreckage of the flooded boiler-room. Already much of the metal has been cut away for scrap. The wreck is owned by the Wolverhampton Metal Company.

PART OF THE ENGINE-ROOM IS HOISTED AWAY: A crane lifting a part of the ship's engine-room which had been cut away. It will go for use as scrap metal, and, like all the steel salvaged, will be sold to the British Iron and Steel Corporation.

THE LAST BERTH OF THE "WARSPITE": A section of the old warship as it lies off the town of Marazion, in Cornwall. The *Warspite* was present at the Battle of Jutland in 1916, at Narvik in 1940, and at the evacuation of Crete in 1941.

A SAFE LANDING IN MID-AIR—A REPUBLIC THUNDERSTREAK RETURNS TO THE BELLY OF ITS RB 36 "MOTHER": These three pictures show the F-84F Thunderstreak returning to an RB 36 long-range reconnaissance bomber after having been launched from the same place. *In the top picture*, the fighter is seen approaching the long bar to which it will attach itself. *In the centre picture*, the nose of the fighter engages with the bar, and *in the bottom picture*, the bar is lowered over the aircraft, which is now secured by the nose, until the two clamps have engaged in special notches behind the cockpit. The bar, with the fighter, is then raised close to the belly of the bomber. This technique has been evolved in order to combine the speed and manœuvrability of the Thunderstreak with the 10,000-mile range of the RB 36 when on photographic reconnaissance or bombing missions.

AIRFIELD in the AIR

A SMALL FIGHTER AND A BIG BOMBER COMBINE TO FORM A LONG-RANGE AND HIGHLY MANŒUVRABLE RECONNAISSANCE FORCE

The United States Air Force has had, for some time, the long-range inter-continental bomber, the RB 36, and it has also had the speedy and manœuvrable F-84F, but only recently have the assets of these two been combined to form between them a bombing or reconnaissance force that has both long range, and speed and nimbleness over the target. The technique that will be used is that the RB 36 will take off with the Thunderstreak hugged to its belly. With its 10,000-mile range, the bomber could cross the Atlantic and return without landing, and, when over the target, at a height of some eight miles, the Thunderstreak would be released, swoop down upon the target at a speed near that of sound, carry out its mission, whether it be a bombing attack or a photo reconnaissance, and return to the mother aircraft in a matter of minutes. Without the Thunderstreak to carry out the attack, if it was to be of a low-level nature, the RB 36 would have to descend to a low altitude, where its great size and comparatively low speed would present an easy target to anti-aircraft gunners and hostile fighter 'planes.

A Living Gem of African Folklore

The Ndebeles, most Artistic Tribe of the Bantu Races, are Building a New Village near Pretoria

THE NDEBELES' LAST DAY IN THEIR OLD HOME NEAR PRETORIA: The Ndebeles, one of the most emancipated and artistic of the Bantu tribes, were illegally leased land to build their village within the zone round Pretoria, which is forbidden to native settlements. Now they are being forced to move to a site some eleven miles away. But because their decorated huts made their village one of the most picturesque in Africa, the local authorities are helping them in their move. The old village will be left deserted.

A NDEBELE WOMAN: The women, who stick firmly, for very shrewd reasons, to their traditional dress, are renowned among other tribes for their beauty

THE MEN HOLD COUNCIL: Sitting around their Chief, Mapoch (on extreme left), they discuss the problems of building their new village. The local authorities, eager to help them, have put land at their disposal and have made available all the materials for rebuilding. The condition of this help is that they rebuild in the same colourful style as before, and use their own special paints for decoration.

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER: In striking contrast to the men, who wear European dress, the women always wear their traditional dress. There are shrewd commercial reasons behind this: the dress and native jewellery are one of the attractions for visitors

The Ndebeles, one of the smallest—but one of the elite—tribes of the Bantu races, are on the move again. Some years ago, under the leadership of their Chieftain, Mapoch, they installed themselves on land near Pretoria which white owners leased out to them for £5 per year per house. But this arrangement was illegal; it infringed a local *apartheid* law forbidding native settlements within a certain radius of the city. Now the Ndebeles have been ordered to move their village some eleven miles further out.

The Ndebeles are one of the Bantu tribes—a wide-ranging ethnic group which includes both the Zulus and the forest pygmies. But they are one of the elite tribes: their women, to men of other tribes, are renowned for their beauty, and the men have a highly-developed artistic tradition and have also proved themselves particularly receptive to new ideas. They are far more advanced and emancipated than other tribes, but they are also smaller and weaker. These factors have caused them to be jeered at and persecuted by larger, and envious, tribes; consequently, they have had many migrations forced on them.

When they settled near Pretoria they hoped that their wanderings were over. They built their huts, gave them their traditional gay decorations, and the men went off every day to work in Pretoria, returning to their families each night. Though the men had adopted European dress, the women clung to the traditional dress and ornaments for themselves and their children. Soon it became known throughout the Union of South Africa that the huts of the Ndebeles and their gaily-decked wives were among the living jewels of African folklore. Even from far away Johannesburg and Cape Town tourists came to see and photograph them.

The Ndebeles were justified in hoping that their migrations had come to an end and that their village would prosper more and more; thanks to the money that the men earned in town and to the ability of the women to exploit the artistic value of their village, they prospered to the extent that all the men at least had a bicycle to get to work by, one of them even running to a car. But the heyday of full employment for the men and fair pickings from tourists for the women—they quickly caught on to the financial benefits of posing for amateur photographers and showing them round their elaborately decorated homes—was suddenly threatened when the local authorities awoke to the fact that the village impinged on the "whites only" zone round Pretoria.

They could have simply expelled the Ndebeles, but, for various reasons, they took a softer view of this small but talented tribe; they sought instead a solution which would satisfy both the Ndebeles and the law. To help the tribe's removal they found land for them, about eleven miles away, and put at their disposal all the necessary materials for them to rebuild their village. One condition was imposed: that they should rebuild their village just as beautifully and colourfully as the old ones. It was feared that, after all the vicissitudes that the Ndebeles had withstood, they might lose heart and not want to preserve their traditions.

So that they should not fall back on the resources of modern technique and industry, the Ndebeles were forbidden to use the colours which can be bought ready-mixed in shops. The traditional method is to prepare their own colours from plants and minerals which, quite apart from being the authentic ma-

THE VILLAGE TERRACES : The village used to attract thousands of visitors, as it was reputed to be a jewel of African folklore. While the men went daily into Pretoria to work, the women posed for the amateur cameramen who flocked to the village, and learned to exploit the artistic value of their huts. The Ndebele village became a flourishing community. Nearly all the men had bicycles to go to work on ; one even had a car.

THE CHIEF'S NEW HUT IN THE MAKING : As yet only the skeleton of it stands ; round it are grouped the younger of the Chief's children. The Chief's traditional authority over the tribe is paternal but absolute.

A NEW HUT TAKES SHAPE : Each male member of the tribe builds his own home. During the building of the new village, visitors still flock there to watch their primitive, yet astute, construction methods.

of colouring, offer a range of shades incomparable to most manufactured paints.

Now, through the old village, the wind is banging the doors of the deserted huts ; in three or four years, perhaps, it will be a scarcely recognisable ruin. But, at the new site, the Ndebeles are working like beavers to build the new one. Bit by bit it is taking shape : some huts are already inhabited, the owners only waiting for the paint to dry before they start decorating the interiors ; others are still in the skeleton stage, while a few have not progressed beyond the circle drawn on the ground to mark their site. Visitors are now going in large numbers to the new village to see how the Ndebeles set about building their astonishing houses.

Every night, when they return from town, the men meet under Chief Mapoch—who presides as a benevolent despot, his authority being absolute but paternal—to discuss progress. Always alive to modern trends, the Ndebeles are considering sending a delegation to Pretoria to ask for a bus service to bring visitors out the extra distance to their new village.

NDEBELE WOMEN PREPARE A MEAL : Just as they stick to the traditional dress, so do Ndebele women stick to the traditional methods of preparing meals inside their huts. The Ndebele men, on the other hand, are particularly adaptable and receptive to new ideas, although, paradoxically, they will not yield their artistic traditions.

RESTORATION AT HAMPTON COURT

Expert Needlewomen Repairing Some of the Famous Tapestries which are Soon to be Re-hung in the Great Hall

RESTORING FAMOUS TAPESTRIES AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE: Mrs. I. Turner, one of the needlewomen engaged on the intricate task of repairing the tapestries, seen at work on the Van Orley tapestry, which will be hung, with others, in the Great Hall.

THE THREE NEEDLEWOMEN WHO ARE ENGAGED IN THE WORK OF REPAIRING SOME OF THE FAMOUS TAPESTRIES AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE: On the left of this picture is Mrs. M. Milbourne, a Frenchwoman who has made a long study of tapestry-making and repairing in Paris, and who is in charge of the present repair work. Next to her are Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Coe, her assistants. These three women are undertaking the important task of repairing the famous Flemish Van Orley tapestries for exhibition in the Great Hall at Hampton Court. These tapestries have not been on show to the public since before the war, during which time they have been kept in storage. The Great Hall, where the tapestries will be hung, is itself being redecorated and partly renovated, and has been closed to the public, but will be reopened on April 11.

ANOTHER VIEW SHOWING REPAIR WORK IN PROGRESS: In this picture of one of the Van Orley tapestries, one of the many bare patches that have to be restitched is seen. The work on the tapestries is being carried out simultaneously with the redecorating and partial restoration of the Great Hall.

ENGAGED ON A PAINSTAKING TASK: The needlewomen have been busy maintaining the tapestries at Hampton Court for many years, but this is their most important undertaking.

ANOTHER THREADBARE PATCH ON A VAN ORLEY TAPESTRY: It is hoped that the work on the tapestries will be completed by April 11, when the Great Hall will be reopened.

PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION

As the Entries Poured In, the Committee Sat in Judgment

THE JURYMEN OF THE ARTS ASSEMBLE AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: The twelve good men and true are the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy in the process of reaching a verdict on one of the entries for the Academy's Summer Exhibition, which opens at Burlington House on May 1. Left to right they are: Louis de Soissons, Maurice Cundall, Maurice Lambert, Sir William Russell Flint, William Dring, Sir Gerald Kelly (President of the Royal Academy), Malcolm Osborne, Frank Dobson, Ruskin Spear, A. L. Hurst, Richard Eurich and Peter Greenham.

SENDING-IN DAY: Outside Burlington House, porters, with the aid of rollers and empty beer crates, unload pieces of sculpture for the Committee's inspection. The heavy job above is Henry Thomas's "Eve in Marble."

ARTIST-CUM-PORTER: John William Mills, a student at the Hammersmith School of Building Arts and Crafts, is seen leaving his school en route to Burlington House. In his arms is the girl on whom his hopes and fears currently centre—a figure of a girl in an armchair. He is walking past an earlier work, a figure of a champion swimmer.

WHEELING IN: The figure of the girl on the stripped-down bicycle is the work of Mr. Christopher Anderson, of Barnes. Presumably he hopes that no one on the Committee puts a spoke in his wheels.

READY FOR REMOVAL: Mr. Siegfried Charoux, A.R.A., is seen in his Kensington studio with his Academy entry just before it was moved to Burlington House. It is an 8-ft.-high plaster statue of a fisherman, which he hopes will eventually be cast in bronze. Mr. Charoux made the huge figures which looked on to the Thames during the Festival of Britain.

GOG IS TRUNDLED IN: The giant figures of Gog and Magog, carved by David Evans to replace those destroyed when the Guildhall was bombed, are being shown. They are 9 ft. 3 ins. high and are carved out of limewood. They were made for Sir George Wilkinson, Lord Mayor when the original figures were destroyed, to give to the City of London.

THE BICENTENARY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

The London Celebrations of a Distinguished Institution

On March 22, 1754, "certain Noblemen, Clergy, Gentlemen and Merchants met at Rawthmell's Coffee House, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, to form a Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce in Great Britain." Thus eleven men founded the Society that was to keep an encouraging eye on all the various arts and sciences, practical and æsthetic, which come under the broad sweep of its objects. Within eight years membership of the Royal Society of Arts had risen to 2,500, and included so many men of distinction that Dr. Johnson—of all people—had to confess that when he tried to speak at a meeting of the Society "all his flowers of oratory forsook him."

But the business of the Royal Society did not end with fine speeches. From the first, the members took a great interest in agriculture and afforestation and the Society's prizes have encouraged better methods of cultivation, improvement in the quality of crops and the better use and design of agricultural machinery and method. Similarly, many of the woods in this country to-day may be said to owe their existence to the Society. Further afield, the Society was perhaps the first to realise the importance of colonial development, and to-day it still takes an active and practical interest in the progress of the Commonwealth. In the sphere of the Arts, the Society's greatest achievement has been in the encouragement of industrial design in Great Britain, while among the recipients of the Society's prizes for children's drawings was Edwin Landseer at the age of ten. Many other activities bear witness to the worth of the Society; its exhibitions, lectures and educational activities, as well as its humanitarian work, have all had a great beneficial effect on this country. And there were representatives of many great public bodies at the Society's noble headquarters in the Adelphi to pay tribute to its work on the occasion of its bicentenary.

A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING TO MARK THE OCCASION: The Royal Society of Arts celebrated its bicentenary with a service in St. Martin-in-the-Fields, not far from the Society's headquarters in John Adam Street. One of the items played during the service was a work by Thomas Arne, the composer, who was elected a member of the Society in 1761.

THE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA OF THE TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC AT THE SERVICE: Because the organ in St. Martin-in-the-Fields was being repaired, the choir was accompanied by the Trinity College orchestra. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Peterborough, one of whose predecessors in office was a founder member of the Society in 1754.

ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE SOCIETY'S CELEBRATIONS: Viscount Samuel, a former Vice-President of the Royal Society of Arts, making the concluding speech at the ceremony of the presentation of congratulatory addresses from kindred bodies, which was held at the beginning of a week of bicentenary celebrations.

THE PRINCIPAL SCIENTIFIC, PROFESSIONAL AND CULTURAL BODIES IN BRITAIN PAY THEIR TRIBUTE TO THE WORK OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS: The Earl of Radnor, who is Chairman of the Council of the Society, is seen receiving scrolled and engrossed messages of congratulation and good will at the ceremony at the Society's house. *On left*—Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, presents his address. *Centre*—Miss Flora Robson presents the address on behalf of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. *On right*—Sir Frederick Handley Page makes the presentation on behalf of the City and Guilds of London Institute.

THE BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS FACTORY IN THE PEACEFUL SETTING OF A WELSH VALLEY: The vast enterprise which employs more than 4,000 people in the valley at Mamhilad, outside Pontypool, Monmouthshire. The tall structure in front of the factory is the spinning tower. Much of the attraction of this modern factory lies in the fact that it is away from the smoke and dust of the congested industrial areas near by, which at the same time can be easily reached by road and rail.

LIFE IN A MODERN FACTORY

The Improvements in Working Conditions in British Industry To-day are Typified by the British Nylon Spinners Factory at Pontypool

By EVE CROSLAND

While factory equipment becomes increasingly up-to-date and modern processes are being steadily developed, care has been taken to make working conditions equally progressive. Throughout Great Britain employers in vast enterprises are making efforts to improve the conditions under which the thousands of employees in their factories live and work. The building of new factories since the war has given some the opportunity of incorporating welfare with production efficiency. Such a plant is the British Nylon Spinners factory near Pontypool, whose location and construction, as well as its present organisation, have been undertaken with the imagination and sense of progress which characterises British industry to-day.

"WHEN I hear the factory bell on Monday morning I feel just the same as I did when I crossed with my uncle from Liverpool to Seaton to eat shrimps. Wasn't I sick coming home, that's all!" Thus, graphically, did a young factory hand in Disraeli's *Sybil* vent her feelings. Few, if any, workers to-day would be justified in endorsing them. Grievances over wages there will probably always be, so long as economic conditions continue to fluctuate. But the revolution in environment is virtually complete. As far as its material aspects are concerned, they are governed, by and large, by the Factory Act of 1937. This lays down basic regulations on such matters as cleanliness, overcrowding, temperature, ventilation, lighting, drainage and sanitary conveniences; it insists that regular supplies of drinking water should be provided at suitable points, and that seats should be available for female workers; and it makes definite requirements about washing and first-aid facilities. Apart from regulations about sanitary conveniences, which are the concern of the local district council, the enforcement of the Act is in the hands of a centrally controlled inspectorate.

To say that the worker of to-day accepts as his natural right such obvious and basic amenities is not to imply that he is unaffected by them. No human being can be independent of his environment, whether at home or at work, and the one in which he earns his living can stimulate him or depress him, thwart or encourage him, even if he pays no conscious attention to it. Workers do in fact take note of their surroundings and amenities, for they react positively when, on to the conventionally bearable conditions demanded by law, are grafted more enticing accessories calculated to give active pleasure.

Efforts in this direction are now being made by an increasing number of firms. Architects of factories built in recent years have been guided as much by æsthetic as utilitarian considerations. The environment has been designed to counteract the benumbing effect of physical drudgery on mind and spirit, and wherever possible the lives of workers are enriched by the provision of facilities for what might be described as "extra-mural" activities. Of these tendencies, the British Nylon Spinners factory near Pontypool is among the most notable examples. It should be stated at once, however, that this factory cannot be regarded—yet, at any rate—as typical of the country as a whole. Its very siting was a gamble never before attempted. An outcome of the Distribution of Industries Act, it was built just after the war on the eastern fringe of what had been, during the '30's, a "depressed" area, dependent for employment on the coal mines and a sprinkling of heavy industries. Even in the post-war days of full employment, many potential workers were averse to entering either of these occupations open to them, and preferred, despite the genuine sacrifices involved for so home-loving a people, to leave the district and seek work elsewhere.

But would a textile mill, with its slight aura of effeminacy and its requirements of manual dexterity, meet the case in an area whose roots lay in the rough labour of mine and heavy industry? Could the small towns and isolated villages in the neighbourhood produce men in sufficient quantities who could adapt themselves to the requisite training? In short, could a new and alien tradition—potentially symbolised, in addition, by a new fibre—be superimposed on that which, however distasteful, had for so long been accepted without question? The answer lies in the fact that, despite the acute problem of transport, nearly 4,000 workers have been drawn from distances ranging up to 25 miles away, that the factory is at present producing 10,000,000 lb. of nylon yarn a year, and that plans are going ahead to treble this figure by next year.

The factory has one positive inducement, however, which must be taken into consideration. It lies in an attractive rural setting, where the air is uncontaminated by smoke pollution. The factory bell does not bring these workers scurrying through the dingy streets of an industrial town; they travel to work by special buses along quiet country lanes flanked by green fields and rolling hills. And the only indications of civilisation around the factory itself are a small brickworks and an occasional rattle of a train and puff of steam from the near-by main line railway.

The plant lies in an unpretentious brick building, whose compact appearance belies the fact that it covers 1,000,000 sq. ft. of floor space. The grounds, with their quaint little lake, well-kept lawns, flowering shrubs and neat herbaceous beds, are more reminiscent of a country mansion than a factory; and further penetration reveals pleasant little enclosed courtyards similarly planted, overlooked by the windows of the processing rooms and providing an interest for the strong horticultural element among the workers. Inside, the building is decorated mainly in restrained colours of cream and duck-egg green. The entrance to the administrative block, it must be admitted, has rather too much the air of a cinema foyer. A glass box-office contraption serves as a porter's desk, and the sumptuous effect of the twin curved staircase is enhanced by the presence of potted trees on the half-landing.

THE ATTRACTIVE GARDENS BETWEEN FACTORY BUILDINGS: One of the garden courtyards at the nylon factory at Pontypool. These gay borders and shrubs are situated between the main plant and the block which contains offices, canteens, the surgery and cloakrooms.

The main plant, as might be expected, bears a more utilitarian aspect. Yet here, too, the immediate impression is one of spaciousness. The passages are broad and well lighted, the machines in the processing rooms are arranged to give the maximum space between them, and the windows extend from wall to wall, and often from floor to ceiling. Each worker has complete freedom of movement, and even the visitor does not feel in the way. The spaciousness is further emphasised by the extreme cleanliness and orderliness which everywhere prevail. Nothing is left lying about on the floor to trip up the unwary. There are trolleys for the small tools, and each worker sports a tiny apron, with kangaroo pockets to hold any odd ends of yarn. Even the mist in which the surrounding valley is so often shrouded fails to blight the cheerful glow of the excellent fluorescent lighting, and an efficient air-conditioning system ensures that the temperature, though it is of necessity higher than normal in certain sections, shall be kept even.

(*Continued on following page*)

A FACTORY CANTEEN WHICH ALSO PROVIDES RELAXATION: One of the main plant canteens, with the factory garden outside. On the walls of the canteen are reproductions of the works of the masters, including Constable. A hot meal is available in the canteens during each of the three shifts, and nearly all the workers in the factory take advantage of these facilities.

A RESTFUL VIEW FROM THE WINDOWS: A worker in the coning area in the main plant can look out from large windows onto the courtyard gardens. Beyond the shrubberies are the canteens and the surgery

LIFE in a MODERN FACTORY

(*Continued from previous page*)

No machinery, obviously, can be kept going without a certain amount of noise, which cannot but have a rather shattering impact on the unaccustomed ear of the visitor. Yet, unlike most textile processes, there is here no clatter of looms to drive one mad with its lack of unison. The roar of the machines which stretch and spin the nylon yarn (the operatives, be it noted, regard it as no more than a "hum") is rendered perfectly bearable by its regularity. The workers say that within a fortnight they have become so attuned to it as barely to be aware of it—an assertion which is supported by their almost uncanny ability to carry on a conversation with each other in their normal voice. Further evidence comes from the factory doctor, who reveals that he has yet to discover any case among the workers of neurosis induced by the noise.

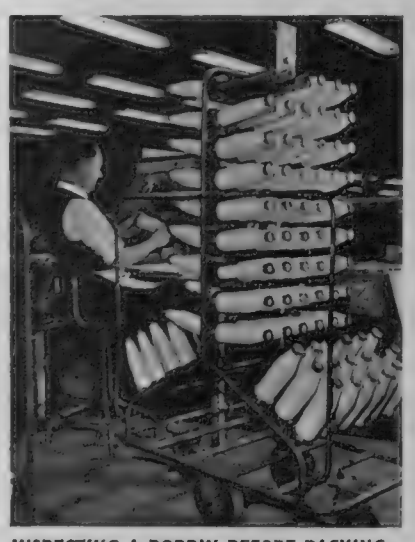
The doctor is a full-time member of the staff and is assisted by two full-time nurses. His well-equipped surgery is of lavish proportions. A welcoming vase of gay flowers stands just inside the doorway, and the whole atmosphere exudes quietude and reassurance. Besides the normal rest- and changing-rooms, provision has been made for ultra-violet treatment, and an X-ray apparatus is now being installed. Since the manufacture of nylon yarn is at no stage a dangerous process, the accident rate is very low—no more than twenty a year, of which only about eight or nine are in any way connected with the machinery. And though anything up to a thousand workers may visit the surgery in a month, the figure is apt to be misleading, for the vast majority of them are treated for minor ailments and injuries which they would otherwise endure while continuing to work. Every new employee is medically examined before starting work. Many are found to have suffered from occupational diseases induced by life in the collieries, but these detract nothing from their potentialities as, say, a yarn inspector or process operative; and, in fact, the factory is able to sustain a 7 per cent. proportion of disabled workers—more than double the legal minimum. Men discharged from the collieries have now worked in the factory for years without losing a day, and several operatives confess to having put on weight since they have been there despite the extremely unsedentary nature of their work. The shift system enables nearly 30 per cent. of them to undertake part-time jobs—mostly gardening or light farming—after working hours, which hardly indicates that their main job leaves them in any great state of exhaustion.

That they put on weight is not surprising in view of the excellence of the canteen facilities, for these would be the envy of many an office worker dependent on cafés or milk bars for the main meal of the day. The department is under the charge of a trained and experienced catering manageress and includes three college-trained assistants and, in addition to the normal cooks, a qualified confectioner (to whose light hand one visitor, at least, can bear witness). A full-scale hot meal is available to workers at some point during each shift, supplemented by tea and cakes which are taken round the processing rooms on trolleys. The food is varied and palatable. The manageress makes a special effort to maintain a balanced diet and, with an eye to the warm temperature in which many operatives are forced to work, ensures that salads and fruit shall be offered as a choice all the year round. Incidentally, it is quite remarkable, one learnt, how quickly the girls behind the cafeteria counter get to know the individual tastes of the various workers. Anyone who is not satisfied with his portion—if the food is cold, for example, or he thinks he has been given more than his share of gristle—can take it back to the counter and have it changed. This concession, though rarely used, has apparently helped to reduce to a minimum the number of complaints raised at the meetings of the workers' canteen committee. Indeed, since sugar has been freely available the committee has been hard put to it to fill up its minutes.

The canteen itself is a pleasant room decorated in pastel shades of oyster pink and shell grey. The walls are tastefully adorned with reproductions of great masters (Constable and Van Gogh among them), and the small tables and comfortable chairs make a refreshing contrast to the type of long reformatory tables and wooden forms which are still the lot of many factory workers. The cafeteria service does not run more swiftly or smoothly. Within ten minutes of the first man being served, some 200 workers are sitting down to their meal. The kitchens are full of shining equipment and good cheer, and are constructed so that all the unpleasant tasks, such as washing up and preparing vegetables, are performed on the sunny side of the building in full view of the garden.

One consequence of the comparative isolation in which many of the workers live is that the factory maintains a flourishing social life of its own. All but about 500 of the employees belong to the sports and social club, and in the lives of most of them its existence is clearly a significant factor. Fully alive to this, the company, in addition to doubling the weekly subscription of threepence, has undertaken complete responsibility for the upkeep of the sports ground opposite the main plant, and is planning to build a handsome new pavilion as soon as a licence can be granted. Table tennis, billiards and darts are available in the club-room and for those who prefer to be out of doors there are football and cricket, even archery and bowls, to mention but a few of the activities. There are monthly dances and an annual ball, parties for the children of the workers at Christmas, and an annual sports for everyone during the summer. The club runs its own orchestra, and its drama section recently staged a highly successful production of *The Lady's Not for Burning*. In view of the local difficulties of transport, all this is something of an achievement; and in a district where facilities for social life are comparatively meagre there is no doubt that the openings for group leisure-time activities have broadened and stimulated the outlook of many a young worker.

As to the work itself, the manufacture of nylon has two great merits in the eyes of a district inured to the hazards and dirt of the colliery—safety and cleanliness. Furthermore there are no great extremes of temperature and no excessive humidity of atmosphere. And to a



INSPECTING A BOBBIN BEFORE PACKING: The yarn buggies on which the bobbins of nylon yarn are placed facilitate handling in the packing area.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ANNUAL SPORTS DAY: The factory athletics ground before the sports began. The factory itself is just in the background. The small pavilion on the left will soon be replaced by a much larger building, which will also have room for social events. The facilities provided for the factory sports club include football and cricket pitches, a bowling green, tennis courts and provision for athletic meetings

A LIBRARY FOR RESEARCH WORKERS : This library is part of the additional research block in the British Nylon Spinners factory which has only recently been completed. It provides greatly extended facilities for research workers, textile technologists and economists engaged on market research.

THE FACTORY'S PACKING AREA : Each package of nylon yarn, with the cones on the right and the bobbins on the left, is inspected before it is put into a crate. The crates then move along the conveyer belt and are fastened with metal bands by a special appliance. Last year the packaging area won the tidiness competition.

the advantages, there is an almost complete lack of monotony in every stage of production. Routine, of course, there must be, but there is little iron in its grip. The dreary infinity of the conveyer-belt system is unknown—the miniature affair in the packing department can hardly be classed as such. Most of the operatives are on their feet and moving about—here regulating a stream of molten polymer through a spinneret, here checking a draw-twisting machine for stretching the yarn. The seats at the one lone conveyer belt have been arranged diagonally on opposite sides so as to facilitate quiet conversation among the workers, and for the convenience of the bobbin strippers there are specially designed buggies to hold the bobbins, enabling the operatives to manipulate them without moving from their seats. Incidentally, it is in this section that a large number of the disabled are to be found. Among them are a blind woman and a man with infantile paralysis in his legs, whose speed and efficiency borders on the miraculous.

There are altogether 200 different types of job in the plant, and a comprehensive training scheme ensures that the new recruit will be fitted in where he is best suited. But though the jobs naturally demand varying degrees of knowledge, experience and skill, the operatives in every grade have in common a really remarkable standard of manual dexterity. Watching these men deftly handling the yarn, so fine and fragile in appearance, one finds it hard to believe that even the foremen and charge-hands were trained from scratch barely six years ago. Prospects for promotion are good, especially in view of the expansion of production scheduled for this year, and no young lives need be blighted by the dehumanising influence of a "dead-end" job.

All this must be taken into account in any attempt to gauge the effect on the workers of their material amenities and surroundings; for if the work itself is pleasant and varied, half the battle is won. It should be remembered, too, that the 3,500 or so employees in the main plant include both those who have known the rigours of coal-mining or the discomforts of less progressive factories, and young ex-Service men who have no similar basis of comparison and therefore tend to take everything for granted. A middle-aged man with long experience of work in other factories will tell you that these are "the finest working conditions he has known," and add that "the canteen facilities are the 'last word.'" He can recall other factories where more than 95 per cent. of the workers took packed lunches rather than eat the food provided; at Pontypool the habit is virtually non-existent. A former coal-miner declared that he "wouldn't go back to the colliery for anything, not even if they gave me forty pounds a week." Statements like this could be multiplied, and they are high praise indeed from a people whose general attitude to life is hardly of a starry-eyed nature.

The younger men, on the whole, are more non-committal. One, aged twenty-five, admitted that he would only care to leave his present job for a "better" one, but, when pressed, was hard put to it to define exactly what he meant. Neither he nor other youngsters were able to articulate any concrete complaints about their general conditions. One round-cheeked operative volunteered the remark that "if you are fed well it makes you feel more like work," from which one could assume that he had no grievance on that score; while others were particularly impressed by the exceptional cleanliness and lack of monotony of their work. The response of the women operatives (of whom there are about 500) is even more positive. Perhaps on account of their sex, they take an immense pride in their production of thousands of yards of so delicate a yarn. If a machine happens to go wrong, one was told, they fret and fume until it is put right, and nothing satisfies them but to turn out a first-class job.

THE FACTORY HAS ITS OWN MEDICAL FACILITIES : The men's surgery, which is staffed by a full-time doctor and two nurses. There are rest- and changing-rooms, and the surgery is equipped for ultra-violet treatment. X-ray apparatus will be installed shortly.

TEA MAKES A WELCOME BREAK : The trolley calling at the uptwisting area. There nylon yarn for stockings and fine fabrics is twisted to give it extra resilience. In addition to cooks, a qualified confectioner, some of whose wares find their way to the tea trolley, is also on the catering staff.

TRANSPORT TO BRING WORKERS TO THE FACTORY : These buses have just brought afternoon shift workers in and are waiting to take those on the morning shift home. More than 100 buses a day transport employees to and from towns and villages within a radius of 25 miles.

THE SHINING, WELL-EQUIPPED KITCHENS : Dinner being prepared in the main plant kitchen. A twenty-four-hour meal service has to be maintained in order to cater for the three factory shifts.

The pride taken in their respective sections by men and women alike is also reflected in the enthusiasm aroused by the annual "Housekeeping Competition," in which a cup is awarded for cleanliness, orderliness and general maintenance of equipment. Last year it was won for the first time, and with great éclat, by the packing department. In all the rooms the atmosphere is one of a quiet animation wholly devoid of restlessness. The tea-trolley is welcomed as a spur rather than demanded as a restorative and, while its wares are actively appreciated, little time is wasted on their consumption. The relations between every grade of worker, from operative to supervisor, are amicable in the extreme, and the immediate absence of both the supervisor and the foreman affects not one whit the even continuity of work. A further significant pointer to the general attitude of the workers towards their job lies in the fact that many of them carry their "shop" talk into the buses on the way home, discussing, among other things, improvements which might be made in the processes and machinery.

The only positive grievance one found—here, again, most evident among the younger men—sprang from the shift work made necessary by the twenty-four-hour production. But this is by no means peculiar to a nylon factory; and in view of its unpopularity, the labour turn-over is astonishingly low—only 11 per cent., compared with an average of about 30 per cent. for textile mills in general. Women workers leave only to get married, and there is a long waiting list for any vacancy which occurs among them. Among the men, the reasons for leaving are more varied: housing difficulties, perhaps; the desire for a more open-air life; or the chance of a more responsible job elsewhere. But the cases of positive dissatisfaction with the working conditions are negligible.

Thus the factory bell on a Monday morning clearly arouses no feelings of sickness among the workers in this factory at Pontypool. Without doubt there are periods when they become bored with their work, when the hours appear to drag interminably, and when they arrive home weary and depressed. But to whom does this not apply?

THE "SQUARE" SECTION OF THE TEMPLE'S "PARISH CHURCH" WHICH HAS BEEN RESTORED AND REDEDICATED: The service, which had been delayed for some months, was performed last week by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the presence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. The famous Round Church, also badly damaged by bombs during the war, has yet to be restored.

LOOKING EAST TOWARDS THE GREAT RENAISSANCE REREDOS, DESIGNE been brought back after being in the Bowes Museum, Durham of 80 tons, and each lean out of plumb approximately 3 to 4

A SECTION OF THE OLD CHURCH WHICH HAS BEEN RETAINED AS A MEMORIAL: On the left is part of the old fabric, and on the right is the effigy believed to be that of the Patriarch Heraclius of Jerusalem, who was present at the dedication of the Round Church in 1185.

INSIDE THE NEW TEMPLE CHURCH

Where last week's Service of Rededication, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was Attended by the Queen Mother

THE ORGAN, WHICH IS THE GIFT OF A BENCHER: This 20-ton instru has been presented by Lord Glentanar, a Bencher of Middle Te and it comes from his Perthshire home. It has 5,000

Modelled on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, the Temple Church, situated between Fleet Street and the Thames Embankment, belongs to both Inns of Court. The Round Church, built by the Knights Templars in 1185 as an expression of thankfulness for their return from the Crusades, escaped complete destruction during the bombing of London, but the adjoining "square" church, built 100 years later, was completely gutted. It is the "square" church which is now in use again, having been restored over a period of five years, and rededicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher.

At last week's rededication service the Queen Mother sat near the altar, between the Treasurers of the Inner and Middle Temples, while the Deputy Master of the Temple Church, Dr. A. J. M. Macdonald, and the Reader, the Rev. A. H. Kempe, faced each other across the centre aisle. Dr. Fisher spoke of the long history of the church and its many vicissitudes, and during the prayers of dedication remembered the gifts which have been offered for the beautification of the building. Within the Round Church itself the Purbeck marble shafts for the pillars are already to hand, and restoration work will begin as soon as possible.

l CHRISTOPHER WREN, AND THE NEW STAINED-GLASS WINDOW, THE GIFT OF THE PAINTERS' AND GLAZIERS' COMPANY: It has been said that the reredos, which has proximately 100 years, hides too much of the east window. Each of the eight new Purbeck marble columns, which have been erected to support the roof, bear a weight nilarly to the original columns. A temporary screen at the west end of the "square" church (also known as the choir) closes it off from the Round Church (the nave).

TAIL OF THE EAST END, FOCAL POINT OF THE CHURCH: The view *on the left* shows the choir stalls, and that *on the right* the Reader's Stall on the south side of the altar. The latter is seen standing in position on the extreme right of the picture. The inscriptions on the reredos are the Ten Commandments, (centre) the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer. The tall, three-light windows, filled with clear glass, and the lighting arrangements are particular features of the new building.

FROM STRATFORD AND LONDON

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Memorial Theatre; "The White Countess," at the Saville

The second play of this season's repertory at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, was introduced last week and was received rather more favourably by the critics than was their first production, *Othello*. The Stratford management have been experimenting this season by introducing new young players to the principal roles instead of relying on established stars; their showing in *Othello* was disappointing.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is a difficult play to stage; the three different groups in the play—the fairies, the young lovers and the clownish artisans—are hard to blend into one continuous stream. Usually, it is aimed at by a lavish production, with extravagant sets, music and ballet scenes. This production is a simple one—the wood near Athens being established with a few symbolic trees and a gauze screen painted with a moonlit forest.

THE FINAL SCENE OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT THE STRATFORD MEMORIAL THEATRE: On right of the standing group are Bottom (Anthony Quayle) and Quince (Leo McKern). The sitting group are (left to right): Tony Britton, Zena Walker, Basil Hoskins, Barbara Jefford, Keith Mitchell, and Jean Wilson. This production, by George Devine, seemed to please the critics better than the previous week's *Othello*.

ROYAL LOVERS: Duke Theseus of Athens (Keith Mitchell) reclines beside his betrothed Hippolyta, the Amazon Queen (Jean Wilson).

ROYAL FAIRIES: *Above, right* are Muriel Pavlow and Powys Thomas as Titania and Oberon. *Above, left*—Zena Walker has a lovers' quarrel in a scene with Tony Britton.

HELENA GETS HER WAY: In this scene Barbara Jefford wins back Demetrius (Basil Hoskins), her betrothed, whose affections had been straying towards the fair Hermia.

THE COUNTESS AND HER FOUR LOVERS: Viveca Lindfors, with Owen Holder, Robert Harris, Geoffrey Dunn and Maurice Teynac, in a scene from J. B. Priestley's new play *The White Countess*, at the Saville Theatre. Mr. Priestley wrote it in collaboration with his wife, Jacquetta Hawkes.

A REHEARSAL BREAK: Viveca Lindfors and Maurice Teynac talk to impresario Lord Vivian during a pre-first night rehearsal at the Saville. The play had a worrying pre-London tour; after a bad reception in Dublin, many alterations were made.

Mr. Priestley's new play, on which his wife, Jacquetta Hawkes, collaborated, is set in 1809 and revolves round a beautiful Austrian countess immured in a castle with a husband she does not love. Three lovers present themselves as alternatives to her sad and decrepit old spouse: an Austrian soldier-poet, a conquering French general, and a musician.

This play was badly received both by the first-night audience and the critics. It was condemned as dull and absurd, and the acting also came in for some hard remarks.

Hollywood Honours Audrey Hepburn

At the Annual Awards Held by the Motion Picture Academy, the Young British Star Won an Oscar as the Best Actress of the Year

AUDREY HEPBURN WINS HER OSCAR: The twenty-four-year-old British actress is seen in New York receiving her award as the best actress of 1953 from Jean Hersholt, President of the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. She won her Oscar for her performance as the Princess in *Roman Holiday*. For this performance she was also voted best British actress of the year by the British Film Academy.

On right—

HUGGING THE COVETED PRIZE: The gold statuette was presented to her at a special ceremony in New York's Center Theatre; the rest of the awards were made in Hollywood. Audrey Hepburn is currently playing the part of a water-sprite in Giraudoux's romance, *Ondine*, in New York and she has made a great hit in it. With this award, and the praise that has been showered on her by the critics, Audrey Hepburn has arrived at stardom in a remarkably short time.

CONGRATULATIONS FOR A NEW STAR: With Audrey Hepburn are Jean Hersholt and, on left, a star of long standing, Fredric March. The coveted gold statuette is supposed to have got its name from a typist remarking before the first-ever awards that it looked like her Uncle Oscar. The name has stuck ever since.

Audrey Hepburn last week-end received a double accolade for her performance as the princess in the film *Roman Holiday*, which stamped her as a top international star at the age of twenty-four; just after being voted the best British actress of the year by the British Film Academy, she was also awarded Hollywood's coveted Oscar as 1953's best actress.

This is a remarkable achievement for a girl who less than four years ago was a chorus girl in a not very successful London revue called *Sauce Piquante*. Since then she has had one small part in a British film, two tremendous successes on Broadway in *Gigi* and *Ondine*, and one starring part in a film—*Roman Holiday*. All three of the star parts which have lifted her to exalted theatrical heights were parts demanding much the same qualities—an impish, ethereal charm, at which she is undoubtedly unsurpassable. But she has yet to prove herself in a wider variety of roles before she can be acclaimed as a truly great actress.

DISNEY COLLECTS AN ARMFUL OF OSCARS: Walt Disney is seen at the Academy awards presentation with Elizabeth Taylor, and the four Oscars which he won for producing the best documentary, the best feature, the best cartoon and the best two-reeler.

HOLLYWOOD'S BEST ACTOR AND SUPPORTING ACTRESS: William Holden won the best actor award for his performance in *Stalag 17*; Donna Reed won hers as the best supporting actress for her performance in *From Here to Eternity*.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE FESTIVAL HALL FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW ORGAN: *On left*—Queen Elizabeth receiving Mr. Victor Mishcon, the Chairman of the L.C.C. General Purposes Committee, and his wife at the Festival Hall. *On right*—The Mayoress of Lambeth curtsies to the Queen Mother. Also in this picture are the Mayor of Lambeth and Mrs. D. Bolton, the Chairman of the L.C.C. The inauguration of the organ had been eagerly awaited by musicians and experts, and the general opinion of critics after the recital was that, although the organ's many devices could not be exploited in a single evening, what was heard was good. The two soloists were Mr. Ralph Downes, who designed the instrument, and M. Andre Marchal, the blind French organist, who found his way about among the many stops with an accuracy that would have done credit to an organist with the keenest eyesight. The organ was accompanied by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.

The Home News in Pictures

THE QUEEN MOTHE AT THE FESTIVAL HA

AND OTHER NEWS PICTURES OF RECENT IV

IT WAS NO TEDDY BEAR'S PICNIC: One of the three bears w escaped from their cage in Newcastle recently roamed int centre of the city and disrupted traffic for some time. This is seen after it had been cornered in a builder's yard and la The three bears had been left in their cage in a car par their trainer, Hans Petersen, who was to appear with them Newcastle theatre that night. After they had made their e one bear went into the Haymarket, where it was chased by among the busy traffic before being cornered. Another wan into Eldon Square and terrified shoppers. It was tackled police inspector, but obviously knew a thing or two about wre as it threw the inspector three times before being outnumb The third bear was content with wandering around the car

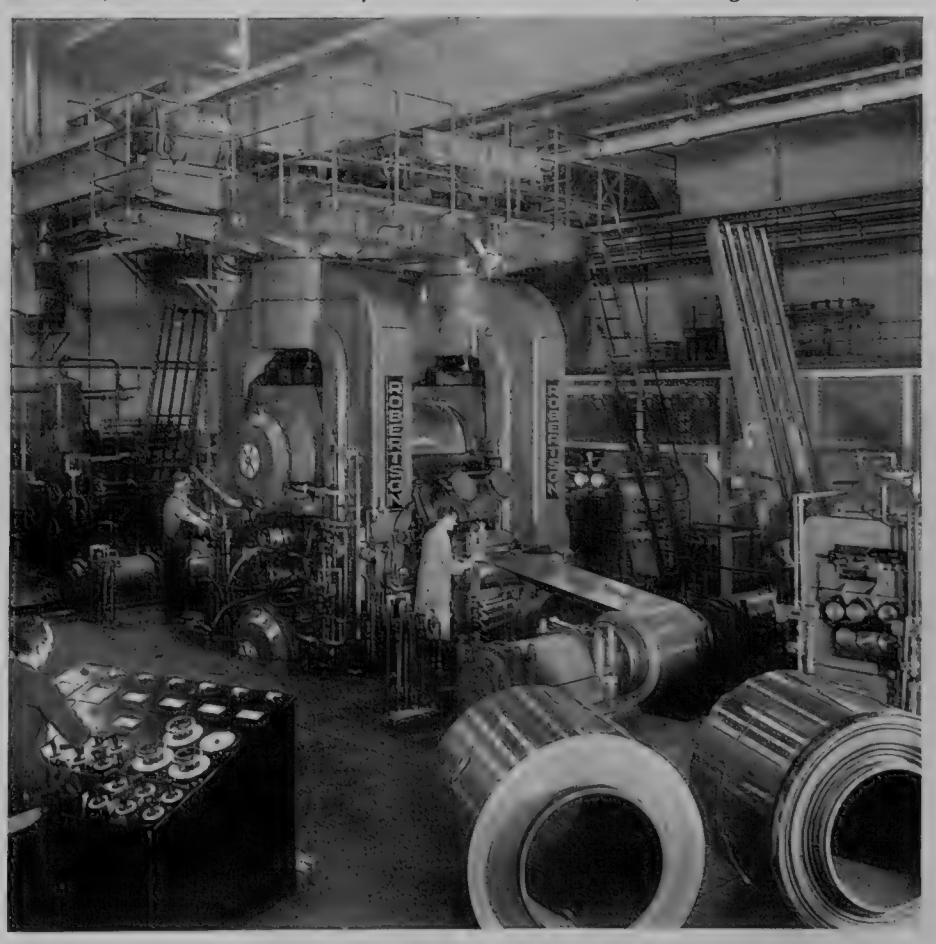
ANOTHER "KON-TIKI"-TYPE EXPEDITION RETURNS HOME AFTER A SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE: *On left*—The 18-ton yawl the *Petula*, in which three scientists drifted across Atlantic, making a close study of marine biology. *On right*—The three men who sailed in the *Petula*. From left to right are Roland Sharma, the son of a Ma barrister; Claude Dickson, a New Zealander and the expedition's meteorologist and radio operator, and Frank Evans, of Thornton Heath, Surrey, who was the fo The expedition left Plymouth, last August, sailed to Dakar, in North Africa, and then began an eighty-two-day drift to the West Indies. A tiny raft was towed be the *Petula* so that a study could be made of the marine life just below the surface. The three men recently returned to this country by air, leaving the yawl at Barb

THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP PROVIDES AN EASY WIN FOR FRANCE : Nahar, Jean Massard up, after his win in the first big race of the season. The seven-year-old horse belongs jointly to the Aly Khan and Mr. Lawrence, and was trained in France by A. Head. *On right*—Nahar, carrying 8 stone, winning the Lincolnshire Handicap by one and a half lengths from Mrs. M. A. Farr's Sailing Light, carrying 9 st. 3 lb. and ridden by Sir Gordon Richards. Mrs. I. Esdaile's Ambassador's Court was third. Although not well drawn, Nahar always looked to be going well. A noble rally by last year's winner, Sailing Light, brought some excitement to the race, but the weight was just too much for him. This was Nahar's last appearance on a racecourse, for he now goes to stud.

A NEW SURVEY SHIP FOR THE ROYAL NAVY : H.M.S. *Vidal* is seen while completing trials. At the end of March she paid a visit to the Thames, where she was seen by members of the Board of Admiralty. The *Vidal* is the first survey ship to carry her own helicopter, and a special hangar, seen near the stern of the ship, has been built. Among the many interesting features of the vessel is an air-conditioning plant that enables heat to be extracted from the sea, even if this is at arctic temperatures.

A JAPANESE MERCHANT SHIP DOCKS IN THE POOL OF LONDON : The ship, the *Akagi Maru*, of 7,610 tons, is seen after her sixty-day voyage from Yokohama, during which she called at seventeen ports in Asia, North Africa and Europe. She carried in her hold a heavy cargo of goods for Britain, including one of the first consignments of made-up cotton goods to be brought to this country since the much-disputed trade agreement with Japan was signed earlier this year. Also among the cargo was plywood, tea, porcelain ware, rubber, pepper, canned pineapple, and toys. The *Akagi Maru* is captained by Yoshimatsu Kurihara, who last visited London twenty-five years ago when serving on a Japanese ship captained by an Englishman.

N EIGHT-STOREY SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS IN EAST HAM, LONDON : This modern-looking school has been built on a site at Plashet Grove and is to be opened by the Mayor of East Ham on May 8. Because of lack of space, the architect, Mr. George Whitby, A.R.I.B.A., could not avail himself of a 6-acre site, as is usually required for a school of this size, and so it had to be built high. The school will accommodate about 600 day pupils in classrooms that are well lit by wall-sized windows, and a lift has been built that will be available for restricted use by the girls of the school.



Left—

A NEW STAINLESS STEEL ROLLING MILL IN OPERATION AT SHEFFIELD : This mill has been installed at the Shepcote Lane mills of Firth Vickers. These mills were built on a 70-acre site to meet the growing demand for stainless steel, and, together with the plant, cost over £2,000,000. The mills, which are now coming into full production, supply stainless sheet steel for aircraft and automobile engineering, and for many other important industries.

The Sphere of Travel

IN SWITZERLAND'S SOUTH-WEST CORNER

Here in the Valais are the Country's Highest Peaks, Many Interesting Valleys and an Intriguing Folklore

By GORDON COOPER

ALTHOUGH Switzerland is famed throughout the world for holidays, yet little is known in Britain of some of its loveliest regions. This is largely due to the influence caused by mass-travel and its emphasis on large resorts, with the result that many beautiful spots which once attracted the selective British traveller now tend to be ignored, and are, in consequence, relapsing into a state of tourist obscurity. This seems to be a great pity. Take the Valais, for instance, which is Switzerland's third largest canton in size and lies in the south-western corner of the country. It is true that a few of its fashionable resorts, such as Zermatt, Saas-Fee and Montana-Crans, are popular, but otherwise this land of mighty peaks and unsurpassed scenery suffers from an unmerited neglect on the part of visitors. A recent visit, my second to this part of the country, enables me, therefore, to present briefly some of its allurements.

Through the length of the Valais runs the fast-flowing Rhône, and from its wide, flat valley other valleys penetrate north and south into the adjacent mountain ranges. In many instances the roads which traverse them come to dead-ends, thus enabling their occasional little villages to preserve an " off the beaten track " atmosphere. These tiny alpine communities often afford, indeed, the most enjoyable of open-air holidays, and are ideal for those who do not want to be surrounded with the busy activity of the typical tourist resort.

Yet, despite their apparent isolation, these various " Shangri-las " are not difficult to reach, and in many of them there are comfortable hotels—sometimes only one—whose standards may not always be luxurious, but where you will be assured of excellent food and a friendly welcome. Walking, climbing, fishing, and an occasional motor-bus excursion are the main daytime activities, all of them enhanced by the wonderful air and the idyllic mountain scenery, much of the latter being as fine as anything you will find elsewhere in Switzerland.

Without a doubt, the finest of the panoramic views is that obtained (in clear weather) from the Gornergrat (10,340 ft.). This summit is easily reached, for an electric-rack railway links the near-by Kulm Hotel with Zermatt ; and even the walk up (four to five hours) is not arduous. It is certainly an enchanting journey, especially when you pass over slopes covered with crimson Alpine roses.

But even more wonderful is the view you get from the Gornergrat : a shimmering surface of immense glaciers, behind which is an entire compass of mountain peaks, the dominating one being, of course, the Matterhorn. In good weather you will see more than fifty peaks, varying in height between 10,000 and 15,000 ft., and over fifty glaciers. The scene defies description, and it is even more glorious than that from the Jungfraujoch, and stronger words than that do not exist. And as you stand, a minute midget in this vast snow world, you feel both very small and very humble.

Zermatt itself is a most attractive large village, with a remarkably high standard in hotel accommodation. There is the world-famous Mont Cervin ; and I can also recommend the Zermatterhof (first class) and the more modest Walliserhof. Then, half-way up the Gornergrat, there is Seiler's Hotel at Riffel-Alp, from which one gets magnificent views. You might even like to stop at the Kulm Hotel in order to watch the sunrise ; but its altitude is rather against a prolonged stay.

No motor road as yet links Zermatt with the outer world, the only main approach being by the railway which runs from the junction of Visp. The building of this line was an engineering miracle, for it winds its way through the apparently impregnable Alps. Alongside the track races a foaming river, and the journey is a thrilling experience, with its climax reached when you get your first sight of the Matterhorn.

Not far from Zermatt, but separated from it by the Mischabel mountains, is Saas-Fee, situated on an Alpine plateau in a wind-protected position surrounded by larch-tree forests, beyond which are high peaks. It has a number of hotels and a diverting social life, while it also offers much to the nature-lover and the walker or climber. To reach it, you leave the train at Stalden, on the Visp-Zermatt line, and continue by postal-coach.

These postal-coaches link up most of the Valaisian villages with the railway, but in some cases you may have to travel by jeep, occasionally even on horseback, to reach your destination. One mountain village, Isérables, can, indeed, only be arrived at by aerial cable-car. It is built like an eagle's eyrie against the rock, and here dwell a most curious community. The inhabitants are stocky, swarthy and sometimes sloe-eyed, and they are quite unlike any other people in the region. One theory is that they originated in Tibet ; another that the village was founded by the " Bjedjouis " (Bedouins), the Saracenic hordes who, after the Battle of Poitiers, late in the ninth century, overran some of the high Alpine valleys. There is a pleasant inn (Auberge du Mont Gelé) here with balconied bedrooms and superb views.

Another curious population is to be found in the high Alpine valley of Anniviers. They are nomads—the only remaining nomadic people of Europe. The very name of Anniviers is derived from the Latin, *anni viatores*, or " year-round travellers," although it is said that they, too, are the descendants of Saracens.

Each spring every village is deserted, with only a fire-watcher left in charge. Men, women and children, the priest and the schoolmaster, leave their homes, where they have been snowed-in during the winter, and descend to lower slopes. For a few weeks they cultivate collectively-owned lands with required crops, then they proceed downwards again to the valley of the Rhône. Here are their collectively-owned vineyards which require attention ; and as they work in them a small orchestra plays music—tuneless little refrains—with pipe and drum. The next move is back to their mid-way halt in order to reap their crops, after which they must return to the vineyards for the grape harvest. Then, their long season's toil completed, the journey is made back to their Alpine homes.

The Val d'Anniviers is also delightful for a holiday, for its scenery is very picturesque. Chandolin and St. Luc (Hotel Bella Tola) are both places I can recommend. But if you wish to feel very remote, then you will like Zinal, the last village of the valley, which is surrounded by green meadows with the Zinal Glacier beyond. The family-run Hotel des Diablons is to be strongly recommended, and I hope to return there myself in the future.

A CENTRE FROM WHICH TO EXPLORE THE VALAIS : This is Sion, capital of the canton, which dates back to Roman times and which Gordon Cooper suggests as a centre for exploration. In the foreground are the vineyards, and in the centre background are the two hills, Tourbillon and Valeria. On the Tourbillon are the remains of a medieval Episcopal castle, and on the Valeria is the remarkable Romanesque Collegiate Church.

I made Sion my centre from which I visited the various valleys. One of the most beautiful is undoubtedly the Val d'Hérens. For those who like climbing in the back-of-beyond, there is Arolla in magnificent Alpine scenery. It is one of the highest resorts in the Valais, has four hotels, and is reached by jeep from Les Haudères. Not being a climber, my own choice would rather fall on the unspoilt village of Evolène (Hotel Hermitage is my recommendation), where national costumes are still worn daily by the women. The district abounds in fine walks and climbing possibilities.

In the western part of the Valais within easy reach of Martigny are several attractive villages, Finhaut and Champex being two recommendations. Then there is the rapidly developing resort of Verbier, where you find hundreds of wooden chalets dotted over a wide, open mountain slope. The local tourist office can advise you about the hire of a furnished chalet, a suitable type of family accommodation. There are also several hotels, jolly places, for Verbier attracts young people.

Farther north, close to the French frontier, are Morgins and Champèry, both popular with British visitors and provided with a variety of attractions. The Hotel de Champèry, in Champèry, can be especially recommended for its food and reasonable prices.

In the eastern side of the Valais, north of the railway between Brigue and Gletsch, are several small villages which are real escapist spots. I will restrict my suggestions to Fafleralp, Belalp, Riederalp, Bettmeralp and Eggishorn, all of which have pleasant, family-run hotels and overlook the famous Aletsch Glacier. Then, south of this railway, there is Binn (Hotel Ofenhorn), which is a good centre for walks towards the several passes on the Italian frontier.

The journey by road or rail to Loèche-les-Bains (Leukerbad), from Leuk on the main railway-line, is fascinating, for it looks as though the mountain barrier which faces you is impenetrable ; but no obstacle is too difficult for Swiss engineers to overcome. Loèche-les-Bains reminds one of a *cirque* in the Pyrenees, for it is half-encircled by tremendous precipices. It has been famed since Roman times for its waters, and many visitors go there for the " cure." A peculiar and amusing sight is the bathhouse where patients sit for hours up to their necks in the water, while in front of them float wooden tables holding coffee-cups, newspapers, and other aids to help while away the allotted period of subaqueous penance. Like all fashionable spas, Loèche-les-Bains offers during the season a round of organised entertainments.

Montana-Crans (two separate resorts, although geographically there is no dividing-line) lies on a high, sunny plateau facing south. Linked with Montana is Vermala. Crans, with its two splendid golf courses, is the most fashionable member of the trio, while Montana and Vermala have long been favoured by British visitors. There is a wide range of hotels and pensions from which to choose.

For those who would like to explore the Valais as a whole, I recommend Sion as headquarters, with Sierre (Hotel Chateau Bellevue) as second choice. From either of these places you can travel daily to starting-points along the main line, whence the postal-coaches set out for their journeys along the various valleys. Sion (Hotel de la Planta), the capital of the canton, is a beautiful and interesting town dating back to Roman times. Thus there are elements of every architectural period, and just to wander around its medieval streets under the moonlight provides a leisurely pleasure which contributes considerably to the advantage of using this town as a base.

On your excursions you should not miss a short visit to the ancient little town of St. Maurice (on the main line), where in the Treasury of its Augustinian Abbey, the oldest monastery in Switzerland, many wonderful objects of art are on view. Brigue, too, merits a visit, if only to inspect its Stockalper Castle flanked by three imposing towers. This town could even be considered as a centre for excursions into many surrounding valleys and mountain regions.

Your travel agent will tell you the quickest route by which to reach any desired place in the Valais from Britain ; but I offer the suggestion that a pleasant roundabout way is to travel through to Chur, in the Grisons, then continue on by the outstandingly scenic line that takes you by way of the Furka Pass and Gletsch to your destination. This is, indeed, a little holiday in itself. Do not forget either, if you are likely to be making use of the postal-coaches for excursions, to inquire before leaving home about the Swiss holiday ticket, for the purchase of this in Britain entitles you to half-fare concessions. The Swiss National Tourist Office (458, Strand, London, W.C.2) can supply you with further information concerning the Valais, and for those who would wish to make hotel bookings in advance, I can recommend Specialised Travel Service Limited, 66, Paddington Street, London, W.1. This firm has an intimate knowledge of the canton.

In connection with my last article on holiday-making in Andalusia, I omitted to mention that B.E.A. now operate an air/road service via Gibraltar which extends as far east along the coast as Torremolinos. This new service permits passengers to reach their destination the same day.

Inquiries concerning TRAVEL matters should be addressed to :

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A POPULAR PASTIME IN PERTHSHIRE

PONY TREKKING IN SCOTLAND : A trekking party fording a stream near Aberfoyle, in Perthshire. These people are taking a week-end course for potential trekking instructors, which is being run by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation and is the first specialised course of this nature to be organised by the Council. This step has been taken because the sport of trekking has become more and more popular during the post-war years among tourists to Scotland.

A WESTERN-STYLE ROUND-UP IN SCOTLAND

A COWBOY IN THE GLENS : James Fairbairn is seen rounding-up ponies near Kelty, in Fife. He was for some years a cowboy in Canada, but is now employed by Mrs. M. G. Speed, who is the owner of one of the last existing herds of Exmoor ponies. His task is to rope in the ponies for marketing, after which they are sold, mainly to the London County Council for pony rides in London parks. This job usually takes several men some weeks, but Mr. Fairbairn finds no difficulty.

On left—

SHAKESPEARE'S WINDOW

FINISHING TOUCHES FOR THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL WINDOW IN SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL : Mr. Christopher Webb, in his studio within the shadow of St. Alban's Abbey, is finishing off the window which he has designed for Southwark Cathedral. It is to be unveiled and dedicated on April 23, the 390th anniversary of Shakespeare's traditional birthday. There will be three sections to the window : in the right-hand section shown, Prospero can be seen at the top, with Caliban at his feet. In the left-hand section, other characters are easily identifiable—Bottom, Titania, Falstaff and Lear's Fool among them.

On right—

NORWAY'S LONDON CHURCH

SAINT OLAVE'S TO BE RE-HALLOWED : Restoration work on the Parish Church of Saint Olave, Hart Street, is almost complete. This City church of London's Norwegian community was almost completely destroyed during the war. In the background, behind the workmen, can be seen the new east window. On April 9 the Bishop of London, the Right Rev. J. W. C. Wand, will hold a special service of re-hallowing and, later, at the first Evensong on the same day, the sermon will be preached by the Dean of the Cathedral Church of Saint Olave in Bergen.

AN ANCIENT CEREMONY IN HAMPSHIRE

A BISHOP BLESSING FLOUR AT ALRESFORD, IN HAMPSHIRE : The Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth is seen blessing a case of flour, which was distributed to the poor. Looking on is Sir Anthony Tichborne (extreme left), and on the right, Lady Tichborne and her three daughters. This custom is said to date back to the time of Henry II when, according to legend, Lady Mabel de Tichborne requested from her death-bed that the value of part of the estate should be given to the poor. Lord de Tichborne was reluctant to do this, and said that only as much of the value of the land that Lady Mabel could run round while holding a flaming torch in her hand should be given away. Although nearing death, Lady de Tichborne managed to encompass 23 acres.

RIVER EROSION IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

THE RIVER SEVERN THREATENS AGRICULTURAL LAND : Mr. J. Fluck, the village schoolmaster of Deerhurst, in Gloucestershire, is seen examining part of the Severn bank, where much valuable arable land has succumbed to the river during recent years. The people of Deerhurst are very worried at the rate at which their agricultural land is being washed away, and they are to seek the help of their Member of Parliament in obtaining ways and means of fighting the erosion caused by the river. Mr. Fluck has been taking measurements over the last three years, and his researches have shown that some 7 ft. of valuable farmland have been washed away along a considerable stretch of the River Severn during this time.

The World of Books

CERBERUS OVER FRANCE

Three-Party Rule in a Still-Divided Land; Two Ex-inmates Survey Dartmoor; "Lilith," a New Historical Novel With a Mid-Nineteenth-Century Setting

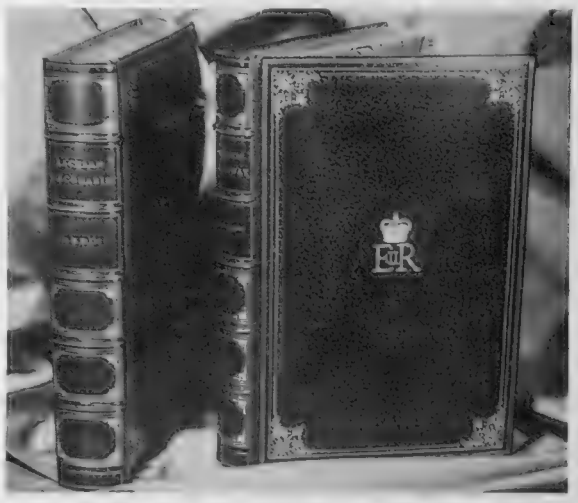
MARSHALL AID saved France from the rocks of revolution. At any rate, that is the clearly-held view of Ronald Matthews, whose new and important volume, THE DEATH OF THE FOURTH REPUBLIC (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.), is a gloomy but most thorough-going survey of an unhappily indecisive land. Mr. Matthews shows us how the new, young, proud France of which the men and women of the Resistance dreamed, has been pushed into the background by politicians and financiers. In 300 pages of close reasoning and clear-cut exposition, we see how the tricks were missed. The post-war Referendum was the last triumph for the spirit of the Resistance, the final victory for Charles de Gaulle. More than 95 per cent. of the electors voted that the Third Republic should die and that the Assembly they were choosing should be the Constituent Assembly of the Fourth. But the elections were a stinging defeat for the hopes of the men of the underground that a single great progressive party would emerge in France. The votes were divided almost equally between the Communists, the Socialists and the M.R.P., and the heraldic beast of the new system was to be Cerberus, the largest of the heads being Communist. And so began the long wrangle; and from the chaos of war and occupation there emerged a tragically divided France, with only the hand of Auriol, with his necessarily limited powers, to grasp the helm. Mr. Matthews tells his story in masterly fashion, this story of hopes and dreams that had lightened the darkness of the Occupation, of the new chance which came to France, and which, through a series of blunders, she so woefully missed.

Mr. Matthews' estimates are forthright and sometimes harsh: Georges Bidault he describes as the ex-schoolmaster with the appearance of a debauched schoolboy; Maurice Schumann, the voice of France over the radio, but in the Assembly a Provincial bluestocking on her night out; Auriol, warm and southern, the genius of compromise, who nearly compromised his party into Communist hands; and Herriot, with the patina as smooth on his culture as on his courtesy, a man capable of the rounded phrase and the dignified attitude in any capitulation. The author's hero is clearly de Gaulle, the nonpareil among modern Frenchmen. This is how his dramatic exit is recorded. As de Gaulle walked from the Cabinet room on that January day in 1946, having made known his irrevocable decision to resign the national leadership, and his long strides could be heard echoing down the stairs, it was Maurice Thorez who broke the Cabinet's silence with the words: "*There* is a departure that does not lack greatness."

From the sombre picture of modern France, suffering from a deep malaise, we turn to a no less sombre picture of prison life in Britain. The system is an outcome of the godly and humanitarian zeal of past reformers, men of the calibre of John Howard, Sheriff of Bedford, who, seeking to combat the evils of living and overcrowding in our prisons, laid down the rigid principles of separate confinement. As a result of Howard's efforts, the Prison Act of 1778 was passed, and a few years later Jeremy Bentham advocated a great London prison with separate cells for 1,000 convicts. Bentham's Millbank gaol never came into being, but strictly cellular Pentonville soon followed. Thus solitary confinement has become an intimate part of prison routine, and that routine is beyond doubt seen at its worst in Dartmoor, Britain's most feared and hated prison. Two ex-inmates of this unhappiest of prisons have now written their reminiscences under the title THE TRUTH ABOUT DARTMOOR (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.). They are George Dendrickson and Frederick Thomas, and they tell us how they came to reach the Moor, how they were received, and what the Moor did to them. They describe the day-to-day routine of the place. The main preoccupation is how to get by and how to traffic successfully in tobacco, the currency of Dartmoor, with sufficient success to provide a few of the very small luxuries that are within a prisoner's reach. The book has raised a storm of protest from prison officials and the Prison Officers' Association has called for an inquiry into the allegations at the highest level. The publishers claim to have taken all reasonable steps to verify the two ex-prisoners' statements. So now, what?

Walter Starkie, who used to read aloud to his children the story of Don Quixote, and who has himself wandered like the knight errant over the roads of La Mancha, Andalusia, and Estremadura, has now translated and edited a new edition of the well-loved classic DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA (Macmillan. 21s.). He provides a prelude and appraisal that is almost a full-length critical biography, and has handled the text with the most loving care, omitting the lengthy interpolated narratives which suited the literary conventions of Cervantes' day, but tend to distract attention from the adventures of the knight and his squire. Many of the burlesque episodes at the court of the Duke and Duchess have also been omitted. This is a most elegant edition, and will doubtless become a family favourite in many a home.

Kathleen Kellow has a rare sense of history, and her portrayal of the Cornish and London scene in the mid-nineteenth century makes her new novel LILITH (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) a most engaging piece of work. There is something of the quality of Vaughan Wilkins's writing in this story of two girls, Amanda, the gently nurtured and the gentle in disposition, and Lilith, the girl from the cottage on the quay, the hard and ruthless one, the calculating miss, who always finds a way out and who, knowing her origin, differs little from that of the high-born Amanda, is determined to fight for the things which her son shall have, even though they were denied to her. Lilith, for all her opportunism, seems to win our sympathy from the start in a way that quiet Amanda can never achieve. We don't exactly like Lilith's ruthless ways, but we have a sneaking regard for the manner in which she has got herself and everyone else organised. When the scene shifts to London, Lilith is like a fish in water. She sells ballads on the streets, and she sells them fast, and in Sam Marpit's place she does the dance of the seven veils at "twelve-and-a-kick" a week with supper provided, and no rough stuff from the customers. Lilith always knows what she is going to do next, and she nearly always gets her own way. At the finish, when she is beaten by her own chicanery, the bond of sympathy between Lilith and the reader is still there. Lilith is all right. This is a good novel.



TWO BOOKS ON EARLY AUSTRALIA FOR THE QUEEN: The two volumes, magnificently bound in crimson morocco by Sangorski and Sutcliffe, of London, were presented to the Queen by the Royal Australian Historical Society during her stay in Sydney. They are the Lives of Major-General Lachlan Macquarie and Francis Greenway, both by Mr. M. H. Ellis, a Fellow of the Society. The book on Macquarie was chosen because it was he who first used the name Australia officially and was Governor of New South Wales on the accession of George IV, the first sovereign to be proclaimed on Australian soil. Greenway, a former convict, is regarded as the father of architecture in Australia.

Dorothy Cottrell, stricken by polio at the age of five, has somehow conquered her infirmities, and although much of her time is spent in a wheel-chair, she has managed to get about the world and to enjoy a comparatively full life. Her novel, THE SILENT REEFS (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), which was published in the *Saturday Evening Post* under the title *The Secret of the Purple Reefs*, is a romantic tale of the Caribbean. The setting is Home Island, a trust of the Christophe family, which had been in their possession more than 150 years, since the day, indeed, when an outlawed French nobleman bought the island as a protest against slavery, freed its people, and founded the gentle cult of the Followers, who were trained from birth to abhor violence. The heroes are Henri and Joseph Christophe, and their hunt for a lost motorship is the main theme of a story that glows with local colour, but somehow or other stales because of the repetitive character and naïveté of the dialogue. The Home islanders' archaic English grows wearisome, and what could be a most effective long short story turns out to be a rather long short novel.

THE WALT WHITMAN EXHIBITION IN GROSVENOR SQUARE: The case containing portraits of the great American poet at different ages. It is part of an exhibition of manuscripts, letters, books and miscellaneous items connected with Walt Whitman which is being held at the American Library in Grosvenor Square.

Alexandra Dick writes both historical novels and mystery stories, the latter no doubt being a relaxation from the more exacting technique of the former. Her latest novel, IMPERIAL VENUS (Robert Hale. 9s. 6d.), is the story of Mlle George, of the Comédie Française, who at the age of sixteen made her sensational debut as Clytemnestra, and decades later, the remnants of her indestructible beauty still shining through accumulations of flesh, she was still thrilling audiences by the sheer majesty of her interpretations. Her lovers were legion, among them the First Consul, who fainted when in bed with her, creating quite "a how-do-you-do" in the Tuileries. With all this material at her command Alexandra Dick has produced a fast-moving narrative, with the scene shifting constantly across the stage of Europe from Paris, to Vienna, to St. Petersburg, to Stockholm and back to Paris. The final scene of all is in Limoges in 1852, where the now mountainous heroine, a great wreck of the First Empire living on into the Second, makes her last bow in a third-rate theatre. Mlle. George proves equal to even this impossible situation.

Tom Ronan is the son of one of North Australia's most noted pioneer cattlemen, and for forty years, with but few breaks, he has lived in Northern cattle country. His VISION SPLENDID (Cassell. 15s.) is, needless to say, about cattle, and with it he won the prize in Australia's Commonwealth Jubilee Literary Competition. It is the tale of a man who never made good, but found a very real and lasting delight in the wide open spaces of Australia. *Vision Splendid* is extremely well written, and even those who don't know Australia well will doubtless recognise the authentic touch.

Ruth Manning Saunders, one of our most prolific writers, has written a new novel of the circus. She calls it THE GOLDEN BALL (Robert Hale. 9s. 6d.) and here again the authentic touch is very evident. The author once travelled for two summers with a family tenting circus, working as an advance agent and riding an elephant on parade. The theme of the *Golden Ball* is "a circus act so marvellous that it has never to this day been satisfactorily solved."

Here is a wealth of exciting material for the travel-hungry reader who requires a spice of danger with his travel fare. In THE PEARL SEEKERS (Andrew Melrose. 16s.) Norman Bartlett gives the down-to-earth story of the Australian pearling industry, which, apparently, has more than its full share of men to whom murder, theft, brutality and treachery are everyday occurrences. LABRADOR NURSE (Robert Hale. 16s.) is Sister Banfill's account of her work at the famous Grenfell Mission in Mutton Bay, sharing the dangers and hardships of life among the coast fishermen. Sister Banfill writes with most attractive modesty, but it is not difficult to appreciate the hazardous nature of many of her journeys by dog sleigh or open boat when bringing aid to Labrador's isolated families. George Michael's AFRICAN FURY (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is the story of a man who hunts for his living, and we are told that he would much rather do it with a camera than with a gun. Some of the author's experiences have been breath-taking, and he has a fine collection of photographs.

Richard Edmonds.

A SHORT SURVEY OF OTHER BOOKS.

FROM AN ANTIQUE LAND, Ancient and Modern in the Middle East (Max Parrish. 25s.), is Julian Huxley's account of the Middle East and its history. Having been plunged into the area and its history he has given his personal testimony of the impression which that experience made upon him. The illustrations are particularly good.

THE MONARCH DINES (T. Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d.), by Theodor Hierneis, is a collection of reminiscences of life in the Royal kitchens at the Court of King Ludwig II of Bavaria. The author's account of life below stairs at the Court has been translated from the German by Martin Cooper.

The latest addition to The Regional Books Series is THE MENDIPS (Robert Hale. 18s.), by A. W. Coysh, E. J. Mason and V. Waite. In addition to a full description (with pictures) of the familiar features of this Somerset landmark there are details of the old Forest of Mendip, the intricate underground cave systems, and an account of present-day life.

The third volume in the Beaufort Library, the Editor of which is the Duke of Beaufort, is INTRODUCTION TO FOXHUNTING (Seeley, Service. 15s.). The book covers the whole landscape of the 'chase, from the Fox to Riding Across Country. It also touches upon such matters as dress and saddlery, and there is a full glossary of foxhunting terms.

The eighth addition to the Pleasures of Life Series is GOLF (Burke. 21s.), by Bernard Darwin, who brings to life old and glorious struggles in the game and recalls many famous names. He also includes accounts of the links, caddies and the ladies. The colour and black-and-white prints include a page from a sixteenth-century Flemish "Golf" Book of Hours.

Although FREAKS AND MARVELS OF INSECT LIFE (Hutchinson. 16s.), by Harold Bastin, is intended primarily for those anxious to obtain some knowledge of this fascinating subject, it should also serve to refresh the memory of more advanced students of forgotten facts. The author avoids unnecessary technicalities and relegates Latin names to an alphabetical index. The drawings are by Jane Burton.

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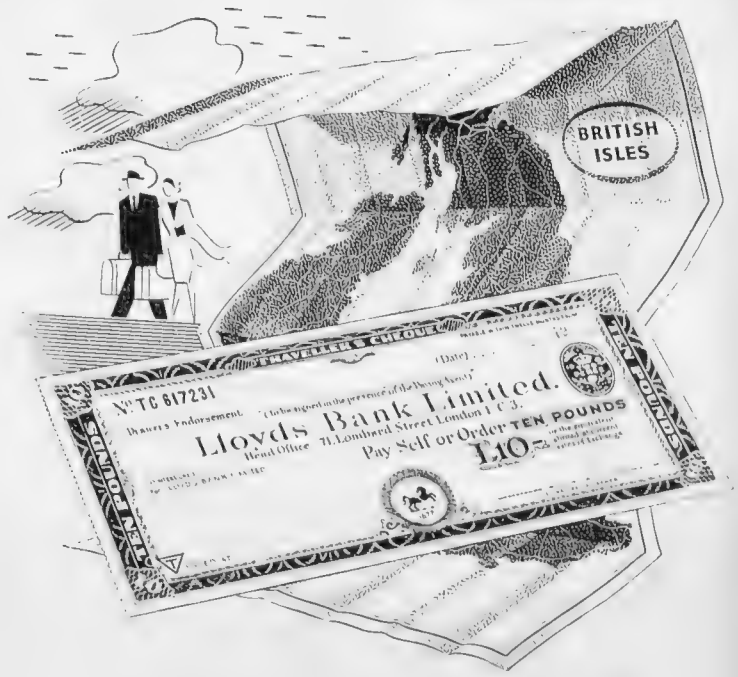

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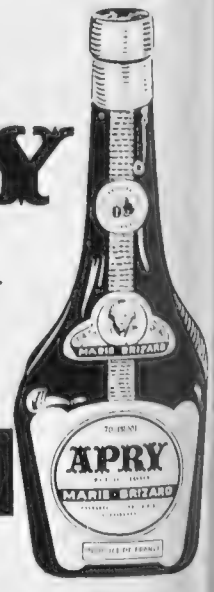

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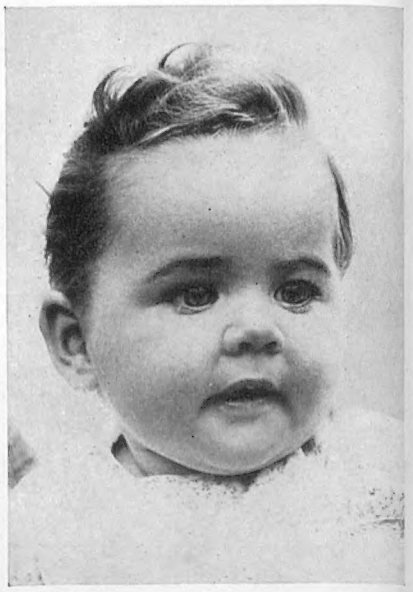

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Solignum destroys the dry rot fungus wherever brought into contact with it, and gives complete immunity against further attack. Solignum Wood Preservatives are made to penetrate into the wood and remain as an active barrier against decay, affording protection from dampness, exposure to weather, dry rot, wet rot, wood borers, and all other enemies of Timber. Solignum is easily applied by brush, by dipping or by spray gun.

AND WOOD BEETLES TOO!

There are 3 kinds of Solignum

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For constructional timber, fences, sheds, joists, flooring, etc., to prevent and destroy dry-rot fungus.

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Solignum Wood Beetle Destroyer
A specially prepared solution to destroy wood-boring beetles, i.e., 'Woodworm,' in furniture and constructional timber.

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EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES

"ARGENT, an eagle displayed Sable, armed Gules" Illustrated together with a contemporary illuminated border are the Arms of William Wilberforce, the famous reformer. Born in 1759, Wilberforce entered Parliament in 1780. His friendship with William Pitt is famous for their parliamentary and social activities which led to the abolition of the Slave Trade by the Act of 1807. Wilberforce helped form three well-known Societies. In 1787 he obtained a Royal Proclamation against Vice, and a society was formed for its enforcement. This was later named the Society for the Suppression of Vice. He also co-operated in the foundation of the Church Missionary Society and the Bible Society. Wilberforce died in 1833.

The Wilberforce family originated in Yorkshire. It was settled there and bearing the same Arms as William Wilberforce at the time of the Heralds' Visitations of 1585, 1612 and 1665. The family still bears these same Arms.

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